

New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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E. F. Beadle,
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THE GLAD RETURN.

BY HARVEY HOWARD.

Jack Frost has departed at last.

His white whiskers have whisked out of sight,

And spring has sprung out of the vernal vales

As the morning follows the night.

The buds are beginning to sprout;

And the grass is beginning to grow;

A few little linnets are hopping about;

And I hear the caw of a crow.

The breezes so sweet that caressed me

Have stolen their fill of perfume

From buds that are narrowly opened,

As though they were learning to bloom.

The brooklet flows free through the meadow;

The rippling lake laughs in its glee;

And the languid breeze chants a low anthem,

Whose song is meant only for me.

The canoe that rocks idly beneath me

Rocks idly again 'neath the wave;

By the side of the boat looking upward

A face that is youthful and grave.

Yea, grave, yet not solemn with sorrow,

But calm with unspeakable bliss,

The bliss of the coming of springtime,

The return of the life that we miss.

RED ROB,

The Boy Road-Agent.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "BOWIE BEN," "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW MASTER OF THE CAMP.

The ranger's words were all lost to the ears of those they were intended for, but to Octavia's ears they were as tidings of joy supreme.

"Dakota Dan," she repeated, as though she might be mistaken in the words; "is it possible that I heard aright?"

"Yes, mum, I'm Dakota Dan, just down, fresh as a new-plucked flower, from the Keya-Paha; and proud I be of the name and the man, too, Miss. Come, Patience, ole mare, sail into it—show the gal yet bottom! Smoke of Jerusalem! didn't I play it skintinically to 'em smoky varlets? I war hid in that grove behind 'em, and when I sees what war up, I says: 'Dakota Dan, now, ole Triangular, primp yerself and try yer nerve. Bet they'll be more keefful next time. Whar d'y'e live, gal? up to Conejos!"

"I belong to an emigrant-train," replied Octavia.

"Say ye do! how's it yer down yer?"

Briefly as possible, the maiden narrated her adventure from the time of leaving the trail till her capture by the two chiefs.

"Judas!" exclaimed the old ranger, "then that's what made that thunderin' racket up that way. Thought it war a hurricane or a vol-

kane—got a cannon, hain't ye? licked the red-skins, didn't ye?"

Octavia scarcely knew which question to answer first, she was so delighted over her miraculous escape. However, she answered her interlocutor's queries as far as her own knowledge extended.

"Well," replied the reckless old ranger, "times are a little frisky this a-way now; and one's got to keep a-bobblin' to dodge all the dangers."

By this time the old borderman had placed nearly half a mile between him and the pursuing red-skins, who were now directly behind him, coming on a straight line. It was the desire of the ranger to get back to the grove from which he had burst so suddenly upon his foes; and, in order to accomplish this, he began bearing gradually toward the left. In a few minutes he was going directly north.

The enemy could have taken the "near cut" across, and gained considerably on him, but, believing he was endeavoring to draw them into an ambush, relinquished the chase altogether. This was contrary to anything the ranger had anticipated, as well as to the usual dogged patience and perseverance of savage vengeance.

This turn of affairs enabled the ranger to slacken the speed of his animal, when he dismounted and gave the mare up entirely to Octavia, he walking at her side with all the elastic spring and sprightliness of youth.

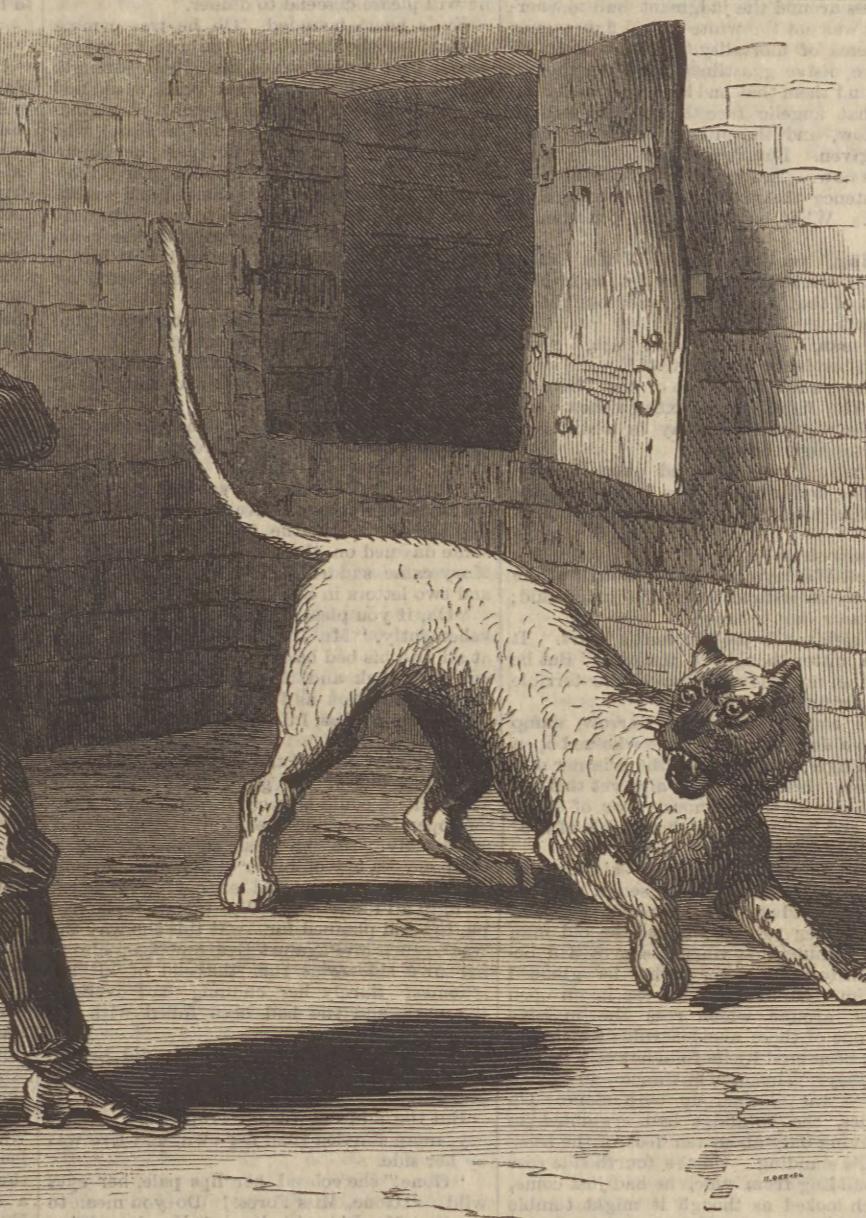
The maiden protested against this self-sacrifice in her behalf. It seemed to her that she was as well able to walk as the old man.

"Bless you, little 'un," the ranger responded, "you needn't worry one bit bout me. I'm growin' younger in spirit every day. My hair will git white though, and ole Time will wear furrows into my face; but I reckon that's all owin' to the climate one's in, and the condition of his blood."

"Way up in the cool regions of Montana, one's vital fluid gits purty cloggy-like-thick, ye know? But come down this way into Dakota and Nu-braska, and it begins to thin up a little, and one steps friskier; but, come on down here into Nu Mexiko, and one's blood gits so thin that it runs right out at the pores of the skin. Nothin' but a good coat of dirt will keep a northern man's blood in him down here; then the sun bakes that on him, and he looks ful of all the world like a Mexican. That's what's aillin' me, miss, but I hope you'll excuse my looks. But, here we are, little 'un

—back to the very grove that I went bulgin' out of when the race commenced. Lor', but it does me a mortal sight of good to think how I waxed it to 'em smoky-skinned centipedes.

But then, I've fooled red-skins a million times in my life—it's my forte, I swar' we is to, foolish red-skins. Foolishness of one sort or an-



A huge gray panther, already goaded to frenzy, sprung into the inclosure with Basil Walramond.

other allers did run natural-like in the Rackback family, and if one wasn't a fool, he had the knack of playin' it to a demonstration, and then—"

"Bow-wow!" It was the sudden and deep bay of a dog, coming from the depths of the grove before them, that cut short the ranger's speech and forced a cry of surprise from Octavia's lips.

"Scorpions!" exclaimed the ranger, stopping short.

The next moment a dog came bounding through the shrubbery, and leaped upon the ranger, and frisked and capered around the man in an excess of joy.

"There, now, gal," said Dakota Dan, with an air of whimsical satisfaction, "there, you behold Dakota Dan, the great triangler, red-skin exterminator. That"—thrusting out his finger at the dog with manifest delight—"that is Humility, my dog. I left him here to watch my gun and accoutrements while I sailed out and raked the ants at the horse-race," and the old man went off into a fit of hearty laughter at the thoughts of his own conceit.

"You see, Miss," he continued, "I'm simply ole Dan Rackbackalone, but bitch in Patience, my mare here, and Humility, my dog, than, and you have the 'triangle,' Dakota Dan. We're kind of a livin' clock-work—one part can't operate well without others; and when we git set a-goin'—buckle right down to the work, Lor'! then bounce, red-skins! away, buffaloes! howl, varmints, and you, ye paroress, dust!

You see, Miss, that dog has mortal sight of man gumpshin'. That bow-wow was a challenge, which, translated to English, means 'Who comes ther?' 'Scorpions,' war the counter-sign, or whatever ye call it, and then all war distinctly distinct. Yes, a noble pup, are Humility, my dog, than. He's a wonderful tooth for red-skins, and can foller the trail of a bird through the air. He's jest as good as ever scratched gravel from an Alpine peak, or dug snow for a Saint Bernard monk. And ye's Patience, my mare, here. She's a little thin just at present, but can play tricks just as good as any critter that ever tickled a audience—good blood in here—just as good as ever boxed Arabian soil or kicked the day-lights outen an Arab. Yes, noble kritters are Patience, my mare here, and Humility, my dog, than. I could trace their pedigree el'ar back to Noah and the Ark."

"I know from experience," said Octavia, desirous of encouraging him in his love for his dumb companions, "that Patience is fast."

"Fast!" exclaimed the ranger, in apparent astonishment; "why, bless yer little soul, gal, ye don't know what fast is. You'd ort to see her do her best. As an illustrashin, I'll tell ye, while we rest, what we done onct. Patience, she played blind, lame and halt, and I played crazy. In this condition we sailed into a crowd of Ingins to see what was goin' on; for war we ranger for the Government then, and war actin' spy. Wal, we got in all right,

but we looked so 'tarnal tough and discomfo-

said, "you want to keep yer eyes on yer mules, yer hands on yer pockets and yer breeches in yer boot-tops, or, by Judea, them Mexicans will steal 'em. They're the dirtiest thieves that ever wore ha'r—cowardly, too, as any coyote that ever howled in the dark. They'd stab a dead man in the back and think they'd get revenge. But if you jist show 'em your spunk—the white of yer eye—let 'em b'lieve you'd rather fight than eat, then they'll keep their places."

"Then the village is composed altogether of Mexicans, is it?" asked young Boswell.

"Mexican half-breeds, with a sprinklin' of American roustabouts, Dutch, Irish, Scotch and so on."

"Do they all steal?"

"No; jist the 'greasers,'"

"I should think they could be broke of that," said Tom Gilbert.

"They can, lad. It's no use sayin' a Mexican can't be civilized and induced to quit bad tricks. When I war up to Denver City I see'd as thievlin' a pack of 'em as ever robbed a hen-roost, eternally cured of stealin'. They war ketched in the act, tried and sentenced to be hung up by the heels over night. The judge said that stealin' war a disease with them—said it prevailed in the States to some extent; and was called 'kleptomony,' or 'keep-the-money,' or suthin' like that; and said the only thing that d' cure it was an application of 'perversimheelsoverdum,' or some big Latin name I couldn't figure out, that sounds like that. At any rate ropes war provided and the diseased gentlemen marched down into 'Yooper Gulch.' There the heels of the light-fingers were elevated heavenward, and securely fastened to the limbs of a majestic ole pine tree. Their heads jist teched the ground, and the way them invalids bellered for mercy and pawed the ground would a made a buffer-bull blush to the tips of his horns. I tell ye what ole Yooper Jessie boomed; but, boys, it war a good idea. The judge war right. It cured them Mexicans of 'kleptomony,' and made quiet men of them."

"Indeed?" said Major St. Kenelm, failing to read the twinkle in the old ranger's eyes. "I should have thought they would have been all the worse after such humiliating punishment."

"Lord no, major! It never done any sich a thing, for in the night the coyotes and wolves went down into the gulch and eat their heads off close up to their heels."

A roar of laughter followed the old ranger's story, and it was some time before quiet was restored. When it was, however, the ranger rose to his feet, and turning to his dog said:

"Come, Humility, we'd better go out and circle the camp, and we'll we!"

Humility licked his chops, rose to his feet, and crept softly away at the heels of his master.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PHANTOM AZTECS.

FIERCELY, desperately and deadly waged the conflict between the mysterious old man, Basil Walramond, and his two companions on one side, and a horde of Ute savages on the other, there in the solitude of the San Juan valley, with the pall of night above and around them. The three white men seemed endowed with superhuman strength and shielded by an invisible hand. The Utes were all around them, surging to and fro, a living vortex. The air above their heads was a broad and continual glare of flashing tomahawks. Steel met steel in deadly clash and ring. Weapons flew through the air in every direction, knocked from the savages' hands by the sweeping gun-barrels of the miners.

The Indians could easily have shot them down, but it seemed as though they were willing to sacrifice a score of warriors that the whites might be taken alive. The dead and wounded were trampled under foot by their advancing comrades—a few moments more and by the sheer force of numbers they overwhelmed the three brave men, who, borne to the earth, were soon securely bound hand and foot. Then they were permitted to rise to their feet, and contrary to all they had ever heard of before Indian customs, they were blindfolded. But no sooner was this done than they heard a voice speaking English and directing the movements of the savages through an interpreter, in the crowd that still surged and howled around them. This convinced the captives that a white man had led the war-party into the valley.

Several minutes were taken up in the construction of litters upon which to convey the dead and wounded back to the village; but this done, and all secure, the procession started on its journey through the lonely halls of the grim old forest.

The captives walked with great difficulty, for the bonds upon their ankles would not admit of a full step. And like animals, they were led by means of a rope placed around each one's neck.

Only the soft tread of the many feet, the rustle of a bush, and the faint murmur of the foliage overhead, broke the solemn silence of the night.

Many and bitter were the thoughts of the captives as they trudged on through the woods—whither they knew not. Thus in one brief hour had all their hopes of the future, whatever they were, been shattered by the hand of fate. All their dreams of wealth had vanished, and they had awakened to the horrible fact that they were no longer masters, but doomed prisoners.

"Well, missus," said the old negress, relaxing into silence.

"If you do stop at Conejos," Dakota Dan

For weary miles they journeyed on through

the woods. To the captives each mile seemed a league. Pain caused by walking lengthens distance fourfold, and crowds minutes into moments if a certain length of time is to end that suffering. As they traveled on, they became aware of one thing; that most of their captors had taken another route, or else had fallen behind, and that most, if not all, of those remaining were white men. If so, then were satisfied the men were outlaws. As if to settle the question, a halt was suddenly ordered, when a man came up to the captives, and, in a low, muffled voice, intended to be solemn, he said:

"Strangers, you are the captives of the Phantom Aztecs, upon whose sacred soil your infidel feet have intruded. You stand at the gate that opens to admit us to the temple in which the judgment hall is open for your reception."

A ponderous door creaked on its rusty hinges. The captives were conducted into an inclosure where they could almost feel the dismal gloom of the place. They walked upon a floor of solid stone that was carpeted with the dust and mold of ages; and it at once occurred to the mind of Basil Walramond that they were inside of one of those dismal old buildings in Quivira's ruins.

They followed the passage some distance—at times over an uneven and slippery floor—and finally turned an angle into another passage or hall, which they traversed until a door disputed further advance. This, however, was at once opened, and the captives were ushered into an apartment which they knew must be more spacious by the purity of the surrounding atmosphere.

The three men were now seated upon a low wooden bench, side by side, when one of the captors addressed them thus:

"You are now at the bar of the judgment hall of the Phantom Aztecs. The most high judge sits before you who will preside over your trial and judge you accordingly. Behold!"

The blindfolds were all suddenly removed from the captives' eyes. The glare of lights dazed them for a moment, but soon becoming accustomed to the change, they looked upon a scene well calculated to fill them with silent terror.

The room in which they sat was a large one, and its crumbling walls and ceiling verified the former suspicion of Basil Walramond—they were within one of those ancient ruins still to be found in the valley of the San Juan. There were evidences in abundance, however, of its having undergone general repairs to make the place inhabitable, and in the lurid glare of the torches that lit up the room, it presented a weird, solemn aspect. Around the room were seated a dozen persons, all wearing long, dirty white robes and masks of snow-white whiskers reaching to their waists. A covering resembling a hood was upon each head. At one end of the room and upon a kind of dais sat the chief priest of the Phantom Aztecs, looking down upon the captives with an assumed benignity. He wore no mask, for his long gray beard corresponded well with those of his masked comrades, and gave him a ghostly appearance in the dim light. A curiously-wrought crown was upon his head. Before him was a stone altar, and upon this burned a lamp that gave forth a sickly blue light. In this light, however, the three captives studied closely the face of the "most high." It was a face wearing the stamp of fifty or more busy years. The features were strong in their characteristic outlines, but hard, cold and cruel. The eyes were of a fiery black, and shot their burning glances from beneath heavy, sunken brows.

There was little in the man's looks calculated to inspire hope in the breasts of the captives. They knew, of course, that the "Phantom Aztec" farce was a glaring imposition, around which had been thrown a mantle of false solemnity and an air of mystery. They felt satisfied that if those venerable masks and priestly robes were thrown aside, a band of fierce and desperate outlaws would stand revealed.

Our friends were also satisfied that they were not the first men that had been led captives into that room, for the "phantoms" went about their business in a way that showed experience.

As soon as the prisoners had been seated, and time given them to impress their minds with the mysteries of their surroundings, the "most high priest" arose with solemn dignity, and read, in a low, measured tone, or pretended to read, from a roll of ancient-looking parchment, these words:

"The Phantom Aztecs are the chosen people of God. Away amid the fertile valleys, surrounded by snow-capped mountains, of a new world, have they planted their seed and their faith, and written upon tables of stone the history of their deeds. But where is the land of their prosperity, what comes? The Spanish Junta with a dozen in their hand and peace offering in the other. The people of the chosen few received them and at the same time a blow in the heart. Ruin followed. The temples of the sun were destroyed, and the water of the Mississippi gone. But their spirits are still here—here-to-here, where we last dried years ago we walked in flesh. They shall still rule over the land and sit in judgment upon the intruder till our land once more teems with wealth and prosperity. So saith the spirit, that is the guide to the hand that writes this communication, in the spirit-land."

He laid the "ancient" document of the inspired spirit aside, and said:

"Three men have been taken captives on the sacred soil of the Aztecs. Each and all of them will be given a chance to speak—to plead for his life. If you do not desire to speak, it becomes the duty of the "Judge of the Phantom Aztecs" to pass judgment upon you."

The "judge" sat down when the mysterious old man Basil Walramond, rose to his feet and said, in a calm, unmoved tone:

"Sir, I scorn your immaturity—this mock' and powerfully tribal I despise. You are a set of villains—thirteen of you too cowardly to face three helpless men whom you engaged a hundred savages to capture. You and your allies have shot down innocent men who never thought of harming you, then you hide your faces beneath masks and your forms beneath gowns of white. But mind you, sir! and the old man glanced menacingly and fiercely at the different forms around the room, "the eye of the inscrutable God seeth every face here, and searcheth every heart!"

The form of the noble old man seemed to grow taller in its majestic grandeur, while his face was surrounded with a halo of that exalted humanity which fills the heart with profound admiration, and which seemed to radiate the sublimity of a soul bearing the image of its Maker.

When Basil Walramond sat down, the judge again arose, and in a tone that trembled with manifest fear or anger, said:

"That captive has insulted the tribunal of Phantom Aztecs, and I pronounce upon him the sentence of death in the tiger-pit at midnight! Has the other captives anything to say?"

"I wish to say—" said young Sheridan,

springing to his feet, but here his lips became sealed, as if his courage had failed him in further utterance. This was not the cause, however, of brave Asa Sheridan's sudden silence. Behind the judge was a small square opening in the wall, intended, no doubt, as a window, and in this opening he saw an object suddenly appear, that seemed to seal his lips with the silence of death, and petrify his form to a stony rigidness.

CHAPTER X. WHAT SHERIDAN SAW.

A WHITE face, set in a frame of golden hair, and clear cut as an ancient cameo. Dark blue eyes with long, drooping lashes. Ripe red lips, to which was pressed a snowy, tapering finger—in fact, the face of a lovely young girl was the object that had appeared at the opening behind the judge's stand, and sealed the lips of Asa Sheridan. Her finger was pressed upon her lips, and this, and the imploring look on her beautiful face, was plainly significant as an order for silence on his part. He obeyed the silent appeal with an involuntary impulse; and the face instantly disappeared.

"Why does this captive hesitate?" demanded the judge of the Phantom Aztecs.

"Because I consider this court beneath my notice," responded Sheridan, seating himself. But he regretted his hasty words, the moment they were spoken. There was something that now threw an air of the deepest despair and earnestness around the judgment hall to Sheridan. It was not the white robed figures, nor the emblems of mortality that decorated the walls in repulsive ghastliness, nor the ghostly light around them that had thus impressed him. It was that angelic face that he had seen at the window, and the order which the silent lips had given. But it was too late to recall his words now. The judge rose and said:

"I sentence that man to the Dungeon of Darkness. What has the other prisoner to say?"

"Nothing," replied Nathan Wolfe, "more than that I would give a great deal to fathom the secret of that Centaur we saw to-night in the valley."

"That man," said the "most high," "will be held in bonds for further trial."

And thus ended the court of the Phantom Aztecs. The lights were extinguished, and each of the captives led away in a different direction through the ruins.

The blindfold was replaced over Walramond's eyes, and while it was being tied, the voice of the judge said to his companions in Spanish:

"Yo conozco que anciano."

But Basil Walramond knew enough of the language to understand what the judge said; viz: "I know that old man."

It sent a shiver to the old man's heart. But he said nothing, nor showed signs of the terrible emotions surging in his breast.

He was conducted along a narrow, damp passage to a door which at once wheezed open its rusty hinges, and admitted the prisoner and his conductor into the open air; yet this air seemed filled with the resinous vapor of burning pine; and he could hear the crackle of fire, and the fluttering of the flames.

"You are now in the tiger-pit," said his conductor; "stand on your guard, senor."

Then the bandage was removed, and the glare of a dozen torches blinded the old man for full a minute; but when his eyes had become accustomed to the light, he glanced around him. He saw that he was in an open courtyard, around which rose the massive walls of one of those ancient ruins which had doubtless been used by its founders as a temple or monastery. The main entrance—an arched doorway—was blocked up with stone. On three sides, the buildings had crumbled to ruins, leaving only about ten feet of the basement walls standing. On the fourth side rose the old building from which he had just come, and which looked as though it might tumble down at any moment. These seemed, scarred and time-worn walls, however, bore evidence of skillful architecture.

Tall, rank weeds grew on the top of the ruins, and parasites clambered over and down the wall like a curtain of green, as if nature should be concealed from view.

Blazing torches were fastened in niches and crevices in the wall, and these threw a wavering yellow light over the place.

The ground beneath the prisoner's feet was covered with white sand, and bore evidence of a late struggle—a bloody combat. And it must have been desperate, for here and there amid the footprints that were twisted deep into the sand, were dark spots where the thirsty earth had drunk up the life-blood of the contestants.

From the top of the ruins a dozen "Phantom Aztecs" in their venerable masks and white robes, looked down upon the old man, who stood there with folded arms, his tall, martial figure appearing Titanic in the uncertain glow of the dim torches.

Basil Walramond knew not what was to come, but the footprints and dark stains on the ground carried his thoughts back to the gladiatorial days of ancient Rome. This gave him hope. He felt that he was the equal of any man in physical power and in the use of the sword. Fifty years had blunted none of his fine sensibilities nor reduced his wonderful energy and strength.

"You!" she half-screamed, "you wretched, dependent, nameless thing—living on the bounty of strangers—on a miserable beggar for all your airs and graces—you, lower than the servants who wait on you, for they are honest, at least—you, with no right to the name you have disgraced, whose mother was a wretched street-walker of New York—you, who, springing from the filth and scum of the city streets, dare to reign here like a queen, and yet show the scum and dregs you spring from, by night and by stealth; it is you, you, who have driven him from the house, to which he had far more right than yourself, in which you never were wanted, from which you should have been sent long ago to earn your living, like any other pauper. Tell you, girl, I hate and despise you, and shall never rest until you are turned from the house you have disgraced; and then let the man you met be stealthy protect you, or else follow your vile outcast mother's example, and—"

But she did not finish! There had been one wild shriek from Eve, and then she had turned and fled from the room, from the house, like a mad creature. Mad! for the time being she was so—the terrible words of Una Forest were ringing in her ears like death-knells, seared on her brain in letters of fire. She was conscious of nothing, only one wild, frantic, delirious idea of flying very far away, anywhere outwards of the reach of that serpent-tongue. She knew not where she was going, what she was doing, only that they had driven her wild.

And so she fled on. Night was falling fast, a drenching rain with it, and everything was blurred in a mist of sudden fog. Heaven and earth were dark alike, but she saw not the darkness; her head was bare, her long hair fluttering in the night-wind, but she felt no cold, needed not the soaking rain. Stumbling, slipping, falling, rising, and flying on again, that frantic figure rushed through the night and the storm, in and on, and over, a very maniac, until at last exhausted nature gave way, and she sank down, prone on her face, on the soaking

"Miss Eve, Miss Forest wants to know if you will come down to dinner?"

"Miss Forest: is she in her own room?"

"Oh, dear, no, Miss; she's been down-stairs all day."

Eve pressed her hand to her throbbing forehead.

"And is it I who am going mad?" she thought.

"You look poorly, Miss; your face is as white as a sheet," the girl said, pityingly, for all in the house liked the bright-eyed, pleasant-looking young American girl. "I'm afraid you've caught cold up in this damp, nasty 'all, which it's as drafty as ever it can be. Come down and take your dinner comfortably, Miss Eve."

Eve rose passively to follow her, her head all confused, feeling as if some one had struck her a blow and stunned her.

"Is Miss Forest alone?" she asked.

"No, Miss; Miss Hazel is with her, and you can't see an eye in her 'ead for crying, whatever be the matter."

Eve said no more—Hazel in trouble, too—it was all of a piece with the rest—all mystery to her. Miss Forest turned sharply upon her the moment she entered.

"I wish, Miss Eve Hazelwood, you would come to attend your meals in proper season, and not keep me waiting and the servants tramping all over the house for you! Mary, go up to Mr. D'Arville's room and ask him if he will please descend to dinner."

Eve's heart bounded. Oh, he was coming at last; he who never could be cruel or unjust, whose love would shield her, whose strength would support her, whose clear brain would find out what all this dreadful mystery of unkindness meant. Then her eye fell on Hazel, who sat in a corner; her ruddy face pale; her laughing brown eyes red and swollen; her bright, round, good-natured face clouded and sullen. Yes, sullen—that I am sorry to say, is the only word for it. Hazel had cried until she could cry no longer, and had relapsed now into a state of unmitigated sulkiness. Eve went over eagerly to her.

"Hazel, dear, what is the matter with you? Are you sick—are you in trouble?"

She laid her hand on Hazel's shoulder, but that young lady started up and flung it off violently.

"Don't touch me! I don't come near me, you mean, underhand, deceitful, treacherous, lying thing! I hate you—there."

A hysterical outburst of sobs wailed up the outburst of temper. Eve recoiled as if she had been struck in the face, and a malicious smile dawned on the thin lips of Una Forest. Mary came suddenly in with a startled face and two letters in her hand.

"Oh, if you please, Miss Forest," she began, vehemently, "Mr. D'Arville is not in his room at all, and his bed hasn't been slept in all night, and his trunk and things is all packed, and here's two letters as I found on his table; and if you please, Miss, I do think as how he's been and gone away."

Una Forest crossed the room and snatched the letters out of the girl's hand. That she was excited, could be seen; for the fingers that tore open the one addressed to herself trembled perceptibly. As she read it, she uttered a sharp cry—a cry of bitter disappointment and mortification. Gone and left her! never to return, in all likelihood! Was this what she had plotted and planned for—was this the way she was to turn him against Eve, and keep him at her own side—was this the end of all her schemes? Surely her cunning had overshot the mark, and she had been foiled with her own weapons.

"Gone!" she cried out; "where did he go? Some of the servants must have seen him! Mary—"

But the address was interrupted by another cry, more startled than her own, and Eve was by her side.

"Gone!" she echoed, her lips pale, her eyes wild. "Gone, Miss Forest! Do you mean to say that Mr. D'Arville has left Hazelwood?"

Una Forest turned upon her like a tigress, her eyes flashing blue flame; her whole face livid with suppressed passion.

"He has gone! He has left Hazelwood forever, and it is you who have driven him from it! You, you wicked, you shameless, you disgraceful creature! He has gone, hating, despising, abhorring you, as we all do now. Don't look at me so, you vile girl with your miserable white face! Go to the man you met by night in the grounds; go to Paul Schaffer now, and exult with him over your work!"

Eve stood motionless, paralysed; dumb. Mary stood with eyes and mouth agape, Hazel looked up with a frightened face, but Una Forest had lost the self-control of a life in an instant, the tide of passion, so seldom moved in that stagnant breast, all the more powerful for that very reason, swept everything before its resistless force. Five minutes later, she might be her own calm, ladylike, coldly-severe self again; now she was mad—mad with rage, jealousy, and disappointment. Now she must speak or die.

"You!" she half-screamed, "you wretched, dependent, nameless thing—living on the bounty of strangers—on a miserable beggar for all your airs and graces—you, lower than the servants who wait on you, for they are honest, at least—you, with no right to the name you have disgraced, whose mother was a wretched street-walker of New York—you, who, springing from the filth and scum of the city streets, dare to reign here like a queen, and yet show the scum and dregs you spring from, by night and by stealth; it is you, you, who have driven him from the house, to which he had far more right than yourself, in which you never were wanted, from which you should have been sent long ago to earn your living, like any other pauper. Tell you, girl, I hate and despise you, and shall never rest until you are turned from the house you have disgraced; and then let the man you met be stealthy protect you, or else follow your vile outcast mother's example, and—"

But she did not finish! There had been one wild shriek from Eve, and then she had turned and fled from the room, from the house, like a mad creature. Mad! for the time being she was so—the terrible words of Una Forest were ringing in her ears like death-knells, seared on her brain in letters of fire. She was conscious of nothing, only one wild, frantic, delirious idea of flying very far away, anywhere outwards of the reach of that serpent-tongue. She knew not where she was going, what she was doing, only that they had driven her wild.

And so she fled on. Night was falling fast,

a drenching rain with it, and everything was blurred in a mist of sudden fog. Heaven and earth were dark alike, but she saw not the darkness; her head was bare, her long hair fluttering in the night-wind, but she felt no cold, needed not the soaking rain. Stumbling, slipping, falling, rising, and flying on again, that frantic figure rushed through the night and the storm, in and on, and over, a very maniac, until at last exhausted nature gave way, and she sank down, prone on her face, on the soaking

grass. She never thought where she was; in that first delirium she did not care. And so there, with the dismal night falling, with the rain drenching her through, Eve Hazelwood, who had risen that morning happy, loving, and beloved, lay at night a homeless, friendless outcast.

"Oh, true it has been said, "We know not what a day may bring forth."

CHAPTER XXI. BLACK MONKS.

SHE did not faint; lying there prostrate, with the rain beating upon her, and the wind fluttering her hair and garments—she was yet conscious. Perhaps it was that very wind and rain, cooling her burning brow, that kept her so; but for a time nature was so completely exhausted that she was unable to move. Then slowly, as the first mad excitement and delirium died out, all the horror of her situation dawned upon her. It was night—a tempest was raging, she was friendless and homeless—without where to lay her head. Must she stay in this dreadful place all night?—must she lie here and die? Oh, if death would only come at once! Eve wished for it then, as we all wish for it in our first moments of sinful despair.

"I wish, Miss Eve Hazelwood, you would come to attend your meals in proper season, and not keep me waiting and the servants tramping all over the house for you! Mary, go up to Mr. D'Arville's room and ask him if he will please descend to dinner."

Eve's heart bounded. Oh, he was coming at last; he who never could be cruel or unjust, whose love would shield her, whose strength would support her, whose clear brain would find out what all this dreadful mystery of unkindness meant. Then her eye fell on Hazel, who sat in a corner;

late; but I will be back again early to-morrow morning. And so, my baby, good-night!"

"What a strange man he was! But Eve liked him and his hearty, fatherly manner; and once alone dropped where she sat into the heavy slumber of exhaustion, and never woke till morning.

The red sunrise was slanting rosy rays through the curtains when she opened her black eyes in this mortal life again, a little stiff and tired from her uncomfortable position, but thoroughly refreshed, and her own bright-eyed, clear headed self again. But at her heart the dull pain still ached, heavy as lead it still lay in her bosom; no sleep could ever chase away the aching there.

She drew back the curtain from the window and looked out. Every cloud had gone, the sun was shining in a sky as blue and cloudless as—Una Forest's eyes! Far below she could see the village of Monkswood; the smoke curling up from the cottage chimneys, and the farms out over the road. Right below her was a rose-garden, hot with scarlet bloom; and the birds were piercing the air with their matin hymns.

It was all very charming, and Black Monk's was a delightful place, but how came she in it? She remembered now she had not found that out last night; she remembered, too, with a thrill, the face so awfully like her own, and she knew it was that made her faint.

She must wait now, she knew, till Senior Mendez came, to find out everything; so she bathed her face, brushed out her tangled curls, said her prayers—a little more fervently than usual perhaps—and then sat down by the window to wait and think.

A clock, somewhere in the house, struck loudly ten. As its last echo died away, there was a knock at her door, and the old housekeeper entered.

"Oh, you are up!" she said, looking pleased; "and not quite so much like a corpse as you were last night! Do you feel better?"

"Very much better, thank you."

"Will you have breakfast here, or will you come down? My lord sent me up to see."

"I will go down," Eve said, in some trepidation. "Who is—it any one there?"

"Only his lordship. My lady won't be back for a week."

"Is she away, then?" Eve said, very much relieved; for she instinctively disliked the suspicious, handsome Lady Landsdowne.

"Yes, Miss; she started for London yesterday morning. This is the breakfast-parlor."

They had been walking through a long hall and down great flight of stairs while conversing, and soon the old lady opened a door and ushered Eve into a large and handsomely-furnished parlor, where Lord Landsdowne and a well-spread breakfast table were alone. He advanced to meet her with extended hand,

"I am glad to see you looking so much better, Miss Hazelwood! I trust you rested well last night?"

"Thank you, my lord," said Eve, finding the title rather odd to her American tongue. "I did. I feel as well as ever this morning."

"That is right! We are to have a *tele-a-tete* breakfast, I find, this morning. Lady Landsdowne is in London, and Senior Mendez declined my invitation to breakfast. Pray be seated."

If Eve had never known before that wealth and rank do not constitute happiness, she might have found it out that morning by looking at Lord Landsdowne's face. It was the face of a saddened and disappointed man, of one who has made some great life-mistake. Yet it was kindly too; though he rarely smiled, its deep gravity was gentle; its melancholy patient. Eve felt sorry for him somehow, without very well knowing why, and disliked the absent Lady Landsdowne more than ever.

During breakfast they talked of the weather, of yesterday's storm, and of Black Monk's. "Would you like to see it?" he asked her, as they arose. "It is rather gloomy old place, and considerably out of repair, but still worth looking at. I will be your cicerone, if you like. No one can do the honors of Black Monk's but a Landsdowne."

So they went through it—up and down grand old oak staircasesthrough dark suites of painted rooms, through wainscoted halls, until Eve was tired out. It was a gloomy place, gloomier than Hazelwood even, all but one suite of rooms. They were my lady's; everything antique had been removed; everything modern, elegant and costly was there. Eve had never seen anything so beautiful before; but she looked in vain for one thing—a portrait of their owner.

"Is Lady Landsdowne's picture not here?" she asked at length, curiously; "I have not seen it anywhere in the house."

"No; she never had a picture taken—it is one of her whims; not even a photograph. And now, if you are not too tired, will you take a stroll through the grounds? The fresh air will do you good, after these damp and dreary old rooms."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 287.)

about it, if you can help it. I don't know as this spirit of darkness has any power or any will to injure you."

"I'm not going to remain here to tempt it," said Eve, tarty; "I am going away."

"Anywhere—anywhere that I can earn a living. I will never go back to Hazelwood again."

"My dear girl, don't make any rash promises. Where do you wish to go to—back to Canada?"

"Oh, no! not there—not even to New York. I want to go to London. No one knows me there."

"And what will you do when you get to London?"

"Anything! Be a governess, a schoolteacher, a seamstress, a housemaid, or anything by which I can earn a living."

Her eyes were flashing—her cheeks glowing—her voice ringing—but the phlegmatic gentleman beside her caught none of her excitement.

"A very laudable design, indeed, but don't be in a hurry. Suppose you wait until Lady Landsdowne comes home? These great ladies always want a companion, or something of that sort, and—"

"I wouldn't stay, if she did! I don't like this place, and I don't like Lady Landsdowne. I want to go far from here."

"Oh, that's the way of it, is it? Well, she may know some other great lady in Belgravia who wants a companion or a governess, and may get you the situation. Take my advice, and wait till she comes; there are worse places to stop in than Black Monk's."

"How did I ever come here?" asked Eve. "I remember seeing you through the cottage-window that dreadful night, and that is all. How did I get here?"

"I heard you scream and fall, and so did another gentleman, driving home in his carriage. It was Lord Landsdowne, and he stopped to find out the matter; and, when we recognized the young lady, he insisted on putting her into the carriage and driving her home. You understand?"

"Yes; and what cottage was that you were in, and who were the two women?"

"What a pretty inquisitor it is! The two women were grandmother and granddaughter, and I went in out of the rain."

"Senior Mendez, I want to see that girl again. I thought it was my own face looking at me over the fire. We must look exactly alike."

Senior Mendez looked at her as if struck by a new idea.

"Why, yes; now you mention it, I do think there is a slight resemblance. Rose—I think I heard the old lady call her Rose—Rose has black eyes and curly hair, and is about your height; but she is brownier in the skin, and has redder cheeks, and not so much to say! And now I must leave you for awhile. I am going to Hazelwood."

"To Hazelwood!"

"Don't faint! I won't tell them you are here! I want to see what they are about over there, and won't say a word about you. Good-bye for awhile. Don't excite yourself. Wait till my lady comes home. It will be in a few days—and who knows what the upshot will be? Keep up a good heart. Remember what I said before. Every cloud has its silver lining."

"But the lining is on the wrong side," said poor Eve, wistfully; "and it is very long and dreary to wait."

"Perhaps you won't have so long to wait—who knows? Wait anyway until her ladyship comes back, and we will see what will follow. Wait, Eve, wait and see!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 287.)

False Faces: or, THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME. A MYSTERY OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "A LIVING LIE," "SNARED TO DEATH," "BERNAL CLYDE," "ELMA'S CAPTIVITY!"

CHAPTER XXVII. THE FIEND MASK.

Two weeks passed swiftly away, and Genni Bartyne heard nothing from the detective. It was evident that he had not succeeded in discovering the lurking places of the False Faces.

In this time Etta and Chester saw much of each other, and their first favorable impressions were strengthened.

Kate Vehslage, in her own mind, decided that it was a plain case of love at first sight, and sighed, enviously, for the return of the handsome young detective. But as he did not come, she endeavored to divert her mind by getting up a flirtation with Ossian, and was snubbed in such a grim manner that she drew back utterly defeated, and highly incensed, with a lasting spite against the gaunt superintendent; but her disdain did not affect Ossian Plummer's peace of mind.

He had suggested to Genni Bartyne that he should now return to the oil wells, there being no further occasion for his services in the city. Bartyne, however, was not disposed to let him go.

"Remain with us yet, Ossian," he said. "We have not reached the end. Everything goes on as it should at the wells. You receive letters regularly from Almira, you say, and her reports are favorable, are they not?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then wait a little longer here—wait until these False Faces are brought to justice, as I feel they speedily will. This young man is on their track, and I have great faith in him."

"So have I!"

"He'll catch them yet!"

"I trust so!"

And so Ossian Plummer remained, nothing left to stay.

The cosy parlor was lighted by two gas-jets, covered with globes of glass, which projected from the wall, between the two windows, and on either side of the large mirror.

These windows were on a level with the floor, and led out upon a veranda. This veranda was some five feet above the garden, and was reached by a flight of steps in front of the door.

Though early in October, the night was quite warm—almost oppressively so, for the sky was cloudy with the presage of a coming storm, and neither moon nor stars shone their luster through the gloom.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Bartyne, in sudden amazement. They were all startled by his manner.

"What is it?"

"Is he killed?"

"Have you found the wound?"

These were the questions that burst simultaneously from their lips.

"No, no—it is not that," replied Bartyne excitedly. "But—but—"

was chiefly engaged by a peculiar kind of needle and a ball of white cord, with which she wove a sort of lace, or edging, for trimming.

Ossian Plummer sat in an easy-chair in the corner, apparently intent upon the perusal of a magazine, but his eyes wandered ever and anon from the page, and rested smilingly upon Chester and Etta. They even condescended to take Kate's form in, as if the grim superintendent was comparing the two girls together; and the contrast between them now was more strongly marked than ever.

Their wardrobes had been greatly augmented since their arrival in the new house; both were nicely dressed, and in a becoming manner.

But Kate lacked that air of ease and refinement which seemed to pertin naturally to Etta; though some men might have preferred the bold beauty of her face, with its sharp black eyes and irregular features, to the modest and retiring look, verging almost upon timidity, so characteristic of Etta's face, with its fair complexion, dove-like eyes, and radiant hair.

Genni Bartyne, seated in a rocker by the center-table, with the evening paper upon his knees, studied the young people attentively, and less covertly than Ossian Plummer.

His eyes lingered pleasantly upon Etta's fair head, and then strayed to Chester Stark's dark locks, and frank face. He read the gentle, yielding disposition in one face, and the strong and self-reliant will in the other.

"They were made for each other," he reflected. "They are just suited—a splendid couple. And they are finding out each other's hearts rapidly. Well, let it be so. I would not ask a better husband for my girl. Chester shall take the place of the son I have lost. Shall I ever find him? I fear not. He must be dead."

This reflection sent him into a deep reverie. Etta and Chester conversed over the pictures. Kate putting in a remark vivaciously at every opportunity.

Something she said provoked a laugh from Etta and Chester, and roused Genni Bartyne from his reverie.

"That's a smart girl," he mentally commented. "A free and happy disposition that takes no thought of care for the morrow. The world rests lightly on her young shoulders. I've tried to get up a match between her and Ossian, but it doesn't work at all. He seems to have become a woman-hater, and to grow more grim and gaunt as he grows older."

His eyes again rested upon Etta's face, with a clinging look of affection.

"How like her mother she is!" he murmured. "Heaven shield her from so sad a fate as hers was!"

With this thought his memory traveled backward and reviewed the bitter past.

Ossian Plummer would turn a leaf, read a few lines, and then his restless eyes wandered about the room, taking in the face of each of its occupants before they settled down upon the page again.

The little clock upon the mantelpiece struck the hour of ten, sounding it in clear, bell-like notes.

The darkness grew more dense without. The wind sighed gently in at the open window.

"How close it grows!" exclaimed Genni Bartyne. "I think we are going to have a storm."

"Shouldn't wonder," returned Ossian.

His chair was in the corner, near one of the windows, and he glanced through it. He made a quick motion as if about to spring from his chair, but a second thought restrained him.

He raised the magazine before his face as if to read again, but he did not do so; he merely used it as a screen to hide his face while his eyes watched the veranda with the keenest interest.

He was confident that he had seen some object protruding above the rail of the veranda, and it appeared to him that that object was a man's head. But he was not sure. He watched to satisfy his doubts, to secure the spy upon their privacy, if his doubts should prove correct.

Ossian's vision was of the keenest, and his vigilance was soon rewarded with results. Again the object arose above the veranda rail, coming up out of the gloom below and beyond.

He could now distinguish that it was a head—but such a strange one that he was fascinated by a kind of awe as he gazed upon it. It was of a dark red hue, surmounted by two sharp short horns of a bluish color, not unlike steel, and the features were those of a grinning fiend.

For a moment Ossian wondered what this singular apparition could mean, but when he saw an arm extended and something at its extremity glistening in the light that streamed from the windows, he divined the murderous purpose.

With a loud cry he sprang to his feet and threw himself before Genni Bartyne. A pistol-shot was heard without; there was a flash of fire and Ossian fell at the feet of the aroused and startled Bartyne.

Etta and Kate both screamed in alarm. Chester Stark plucked his revolver from his pocket—he had worn it constantly since the day of Etta's rescue—and dashed out upon the veranda.

He heard the sound of retreating footsteps, and the gate close. He fired two shots, at random, and then ran down the steps in pursuit.

After her first alarm, Kate ran out upon the veranda. She came back with a mask in her hand; a red mask representing a fiend's face, with horns projecting from it.

Chester came back from his useless pursuit. He did not find any traces of the assassins in the street, nor did he think he had been injured by the shots he had fired.

He found Genni Bartyne supporting Ossian's head upon his knee. Ossian's face was ghostly, his eyes closed, and there were red bloodstains upon his shirt bosom.

"Is he hurt?" inquired Chester, anxiously.

"Yes, yes, and badly too, I fear," answered Bartyne, with deep devotion.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Bartyne, fervently. "I would not have her die for a million dollars! Save her life, and your fee shall be a rich one."

"I'll do my best. Let's get her in a bed as soon as possible."

"Certainly. Kate light the gas in her room. Chester, you and I can carry her up."

"Gently—gently—she's lost blood enough already," urged the surgeon, as Kate sprang quickly up the stairs, and Bartyne and Chester raised Almira from the floor.

With all tenderness the wounded woman was conveyed to the chamber above, which she had occupied when wearing her brother's name and garments, and placed upon the bed. Then Bartyne and Chester retired, leaving Kate and Etta to assist the surgeon.

Bartyne and Chester returned to the parlor.

"You have had a narrow escape, sir," said Chester.

"Yes, my boy; I owe my life to her. What devotedness!" answered Bartyne, with deep reparation.

"Repay her! Oh, that she may live, so that I can repay her!"

"I have always considered Almira an odious; but who would have dreamed of such a freak as this?"</p

THE Saturday Journal

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Readers who delight in startling effects and in brilliancy of invention have a new sensation in store.

The Arm-Chair.

We are happy to announce that Capt. Mayne Reid is on his feet again, notwithstanding the unfavorable reports concerning his late illness. His exceedingly tough constitution carried him through. His illness was caused by his old Mexican war wound. The captain contemplated an early visit to America, but has, for the present, abandoned all idea of again traversing the Atlantic. We presume he will resume his pen labors once more.

We are now presenting a series of papers—"Leaves from a Lawyer's Life"—written by a well-known Western practitioner, who, doubtless, speaks from his own experience. The "leaves" certainly are records of a somewhat eventful experience, and will add a pleasant feature to our pages.

A YOUNG man, in Eton College, writes, after having asked a question which is answered in the proper department:

"To me and many of my friends here your answers are of great interest, and we are very grateful. You help us over many knotty points. Other papers put in so much old stuff that it shows plain enough it is just made up questions and answers."

We cannot speak for other papers, paying no attention to the merits or demerits of their departments devoted to questions and answers. The SATURDAY JOURNAL, we can say, gives a great deal of attention to its querists and correspondents, endeavoring to enlighten on all subjects and points where information is solicited. Of the usefulness of this portion of our paper we have ample evidence—not only in the increasing number of queries, but in such expressions as that quoted above. It is unnecessary to say we shall keep the department up to the best standard for interest, usefulness and personal helpfulness.

In answer to a Philadelphia correspondent, we have to say: The SATURDAY JOURNAL bases its success on merit only. Pictures, or stories of a questionable order, may give a circulation for a time, but the steady increase comes through no such means. The SATURDAY JOURNAL, though young in years, stands ahead of all but one or two of its competitors in the number of its steadfast friends, those who read the best class of family story papers. When we do give a "picture" we hope it will not be a pure waste of ink, as so many now being presented certainly are.

A good paper does not require these gratuities to hold its readers and patrons. Proof sufficient of this is that the New York Ledger, which leads all in circulation, gives no gratuities or picture prizes. That the SATURDAY JOURNAL has been steadily increasing in circulation, while most of the popular weeklies have been losing, is, we think, good proof that something else than gifts are essential to success.

Sunshine Papers.

Will Some One Tell Me?

WILL some one tell me why every one says "Poor Tom!" Dick or Harry, when Tom, Dick or Harry, having been bound by those flowery ropes that Cupid can so deftly twist, and that are often transformed by the wand of Time into chains—matrimonial, is suddenly set free? Pray why do people say "Poor Molly!" or Polly, or Dolly?

Why is it that Molly gets no sympathy and Tom gets all; will some one tell me? Is it possible that, in this age of advanced philosophy, science and physiology, there are those who believe that Molly is a creature devoid of heart, feeling, sensibility, and yet able to live on like her sisterhood? And if such a thing is possible, why should it be taken for granted that only women are subject to so phenomenal an existence, and never men?

There are Harry and Dolly. They were engaged a year. It was considered a fine match for Dolly. She would gain wealth, position, and a devoted husband—or, to make my climax perfect, for I have very stupidly reversed the order in which it should appear to agree with generally accepted ideas—a devoted husband, position, and wealth! She was caressed, and petted, and courted, not because she was Miss Dolly, but because she was to become Mrs. Harry. Now Dolly was very young; as she grew rapidly into womanhood, she knew that she would do Harry and herself a great wrong if she pledged him, for all the

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Any young lady rejecting the suit of a gentleman and accepting another's, shall be held liable to damages for infringement of the law, which guarantees equal rights to all men.

Every man is expected to apologize for stepping upon a gentleman's corn—either to the gentleman, or to the corn.

All men will be allowed a seat in the street-cars. If there happens to be none there, he will be provided with one in the Legislature.

The rights of book agents should be respected. No man shall turn a book agent away unless he has held you long enough to tell you all the contents of the book, and it is altogether unnecessary for you to buy it.

Persons calling on you just before dinner will have the right to remain until after dinner.

Foreigners, expecting to come to this country, will have the right to vote by letter.

Any man threatened with a licking will have the inalienable right to ask to receive it by mail—postage paid.

Successful men in business will be obliged to recognize their poor relations.

Anybody visiting an editor's office shall have the right to sit in the editorial chair while the editor sits on a box.

Civil rights do not unwarrantably interfere with marriage rites, but the husband must be allowed to eat at the first table, at least if company is present, and washing the dishes must not be always saddled on him.

White men shall be allowed to enter a colored barber-shop, if he behaves himself, and shall not be shaved too close; and if the razor pulls he shall have the right to civilly object, and if he wants his hair dyed the barber shall not be allowed to make a black man of him, by getting the dye all over his face. He should be invited to call again, as an evidence of good faith, and he shall have the right to do so—if he sees fit.

Uninvited guests to an evening party shall have the right to stay away, and if they bring suit they must do so at their own expense.

No wife will be allowed to discharge her husband on account of his politics.

One man shall be no more than another in a public hotel. Every man has a right to register himself as a general; and all guests shall sit at the head of the table; and all shall occupy the best room, no matter how many there are.

If two men meet on the sidewalk it shall be the duty of each to stop till the other passes. This will be true civility.

Any man applying for an office at Washington shall receive it, for no man in this country, now, is any more than another or anybody else, unless he considers himself two.

All men will be allowed to vote at the age of two years. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

LET US, in this paper, forego our usual report of hats and dresses and linger in it "in style," and pause over the question of dress and style in that wider sense which only vaguely hints in words.

One might imagine that he is affected with some spinal complaint, from the fact that he seems quite unable to stand alone when any object is near against which he can lean. He detests energy, and he looks with a kind of pitying wonder upon the multitudes of his fellow-men who make life one great battle after fame or wealth or power—a battle he has no inclination to engage in. He will look at you with a very pathetic look in his expressive eyes, and tells you he thinks work must be "aw, a confounded boan, you know," and he will saunter out of a ball-room three or four hours after midnight scarcely flushed after waltzes, galops, les lancers and polka quadrilles without number. If there is rouge-et-noir about that until sunrise begins to gild the outside world; if he pauses on his homeward way to lean with uncommon frequency against the lamp-posts, and casts a sentimental gaze toward the sky, and proves himself true to democratic principles by embracing the policeman like a brother; if absinthe is called into requisition before breakfast; if the odors of eau de vie and eau de coquigne are mingled somewhat later, the result will only be that he becomes paler, more interesting, more Byronic and more *her hero* than ever.

She is a romantic young thing, the reader must understand; if a spic of diabolism characterizes her, all the better; if it is hinted he goes at a rapid pace on the straight road to ruin, she forthwith throws a halo of romance about him; he is Monte Christo, Don Giovanni, her hero still, unless—alas! unless—she meets him on promenade with her rival upon his arm and the whisper of an engagement just afloat.

"A very wicked, immoral young man, they say," she repeats, as she tells the news. "He's run through with all his money and is dissipated—oh, dreadfully so, I understand—and there isn't a doubt but he is marrying her for his fortune. It is certainly wonderful how blind people can be!" J. D. B.

Foolscap Papers.

The Civil Rights Bill.

The following bill lately passed both houses of Congress (in my coat pocket), and has become one of the institutions of the Constitution.

Civil Rights, as everybody knows, implies the right to be civil, and every one has a right to act that way according to the ax of Congress on this measure.

Painters shall not be restricted from attending theaters on account of their color.

Horse-jockeys shall enjoy the privileges of this bill, and no questions asked in regard to their race.

This bill recognizes the red man, if he is sufficiently well read.

A man who has been a slave to his wife shall be recognized without regard to his former condition.

Writing civilly to an editor will be considered a civil write.

If you are kicked by mistake on the street you will have the right to kick back—unless the aggressor happens to be the undersigned.

A white man shall have the right to sleep in a hotel—this clause alludes to the noises, miseries, hard pillows, and other insects.

A man shall not be prevented from entering a place of public amusement on account of having no money.

All men shall be allowed to vote for both candidates at elections. This shall be no one-sided affair.

Hereafter no wife will be allowed to send her husband away from the table and make him go to bed without his supper just because he happens to remark a word or two about the sorrowful nature of the bread. Such wrongs for justice of the peace in family circles.

Wives are expected to treat their husbands—in company at least—as if they were acquaintances. Don't you suppose the kindly young

Readers and Contributors.

To CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. preserved that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders—Unavaluable MSS. preserved only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect or not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and composito, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by us means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavaluable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early at a station.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We accept "The Warden to His Bride;" "In a Tight Place;" "The Earthquake's Donation;" "A Friend of His Romany;" "The Jew's Jewel;" "A Quiet Tragedy;" "The Glad Dream;" "Youth's Dreams."

And decline "The World Seems Dry now;" "God in the Storm;" "My Youthful Days;" "The Reign of Peace;" "My Violets;" "Twice Lost and Saved;" "After Long Waiting;" "Claudia Wickham's Victory;" "When They Met Again;" "Gates Down."

We refuse to take from the mail a manuscript from Shamokin, Pa.: 12 cts. postage underpaid.

L. C. G. Poem received has not reached us.

Mr. LOUISIANA. "Injin Dick" runs through 20 numbers—price 8 cents each.

C. S. H. Tobacco is never wholly destitute of nicotine.

NATHAN D. See notice of Mayne Reid elsewhere. His last serial was published in this paper, viz.: "The Spectre Barque."

ADMIRAL'S BOY. Admiral Semmes was admiral only by courtesy, as his flag never was recognized by the nations.

J. O. B. We don't know the number of copies of Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" that has been sold; nor does any one else, we surmise.

SWAN. It is truly a pose, that opium-eating is largely on the increase in our country. Of 21 tons imported last year only one-sixth was used in medicinal preparations. The rest must have been either smoked or chewed. It comes chiefly from India.

R. N. G. Always repeat orders at length. Previous letters usually are not preserved. Make each letter of order complete in itself.

JONES S. We have had so many requests to reprint "The Philanthropist" that we are compelled to hold the matter under advisement.

JOHNNY REVO. Your case demands careful investigation by a good physician. If you will represent your poverty before advice the modest man will not refuse you his advice.

K. L. There are, we believe, recruiting offices in St. Louis and Chicago. Write to "Army Headquarters, Enlisting Rendezvous, St. Louis Mo."

ARCHITECT. To be a good architect demands a knowledge of materials, construction and the art principles of the orders. Consult any architect of established reputation for advice.

HAZEL. Your composition has no special merit. It is like any schoolgirl composition. What education may do for you of course we cannot say. It will, however, be a good thing in itself, so get it if you can.

ASHWOOD. India rubber shoes or boots when torn are patched with an India rubber cement, sold by dealers in rubber goods. The mode of using it is explained on the package. Many shoe-repairers use the cement on rubbers.

IRISH JAMES. Boncailout is an Irishman born. It is his real name. His wife is Miss Agnes Robertson—fine actress who does not now appear on the stage. We know of no "text-book" on the Celtic language.

STRELLA. Almost any of the popular perfumes are enjoyable.—To clean your watch-chain wash it in soapsuds made of Castile soap.—The "Language of Flowers" is given in BEADLE'S DIME LIBRARY.

TEXAN JOHN. Mules do sometimes bear young. In the famous acclimating garden near Paris there is a mare which has had two foals sired by an Arabian stallion. Both foals are dead. The two foals are living and much resemble the sire. We have also heard of a similar case in your own State. Ask some old rancher about it.

ALTA. The first paper ever published in California was the *Californian*; it was published in Monterey, in 1847, by Messrs. Cotton & Semple, and in '47 was removed to San Francisco, where the *Star* was started in the same year, to be united with the *Californian* in '48.

JOCKEY. To cure distemper in horses take a quart each of sassafras, cherry bark, and burdock roots, and put in a kettle with two gallons of water and boil down to one gallon. Give of this one gallon a day in bran and oats, and the cure will soon be effected.

S. L. A. The reverence for the three gold leaves of the shamrock as symbolical of the Divine Trinity did not originate with St. Patrick in Ireland, but with the Persians many centuries ago, for the plant was consecrated by the sons of Iran century before it became a sacred symbol in Erin. Some will claim that the three gold leaves of "Erin" and "Ireland" with the word *Irland*, in the respect for the shamrock, a Tartar origin of the Celtic race.

JOSEPH H. Electricity travels a quarter of a mile at the rate of 288,000 miles in a second, but as electricity is not velocity, in the ordinary sense, its speed is proportional to the square of its volume, and it might vary considerably in rate in passing the distance of 288,000 miles.

TRICHL DRIVER. To prevent your horses slipping, put a small piece of cast-steel, about half an inch square, in the center of the calks, and make them square-ended, so as to give them a cold chisel temper.

MARVIN V. A minister is not entitled to perform the marriage service for himself, and we thus unite himself to a young girl, done literally. So it has been decided in England by the House of Lords, and our own courts accept the decision. In some States statute law provides against such an action.

SEAGORE. What is meant by the "whale's com" is a term applied by the local fishermen to the sperm whale, on account of the unusual exactness with which it pursues its way for days across the ocean without the slightest deviation.

SOPHIE. You can fasten the handles that are loose on knives and forks, by making a powder of one pound colophony and eight ounces sulphur, oblong sticks; stick together and put on the fire, and when cool dip them in water and boil down to one gallon. Give of this one gallon a day in bran and oats, and fill the cavity of the handle therewith, after which heat the stem of the knife or fork, and insert.

ORTARIO asks: "Whence the name 'maskalonge,' as in 'maskopon'?" The Indians speak of it as the most aquatic, and the lessers of the pike family. The Ojibwa name is "maskalonge," meaning "long snout." The French-Canadians named it by a curious coincidence of sound, and meaning "masque longue," or "long face." In legal documents of Canada, to rights of fisheries, it is named "maskalonge," which is the name of a sportsman's name. It differs very slightly from the pickerel or pike. The snout is a little longer, and the spots are black, whereas in the pike they are orange.

BIVALVE. There are more than a hundred species of bivalve marine shells, and many of them are found in the States. About nine million bushels of oysters are raised and exported. Sixteen hundred vessels are engaged in the oyster trade in the Chesapeake alone. The California sardin canning trade already rivals that of the Mediterranean.

DISTANCE. The tendency in English racing is to short races, and fleet, weedy animals. Last year there were 1,300 races, of which three-quarter-mile distances were no less than one thousand and forty-four. 1872 races were run in England last year, of which only 92 races were over two miles each. In the United States were run 354 races, of which 136 were over two miles, 44 were over two-mile heats, 5 races over three miles,

Pretty Marguerite.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL.

An old, old port, where sea-gulls swing
In and out, from year to year,
And Tuscan sailors sweetly sing,
And frail crafts bring the ancient pier,
There dwelt a maiden fair and sweet;
They called her pretty Marguerite.

I met her where the wild waves leaped,
Pale with haste to kiss the shore,
And sheed the foam that lashed the briny land.
Her hair was gold, and oh, her eyes
Were surely bits of summer skies.

I spoke to her, and she replied—
“Chatte wo the sea and drift,
Until the amber twilight died.”

And night from the waves did lift
Its burning shield, and hung it where
The Milky way led through the air.

Again, when morning blushing came,
Breathing balm and full of glee,
And ocean's breast was all afame.

We met by chance; she bowed to me;
Through yielding sand I traced her feet,
Feet of my pretty Marguerite.

The sunlight long in summer time
Wold her love in every art,

Till she seemed of me a part;
Then fled she to another swain,

What cared she for a strong man's pain?

Day in, day out, down by the shore
Sat I where the tide rolled in,

Tried to think of her nevermore,

But ah! the ocean's solemn din
Seemed to murmur, low and sweet,

Pretty, pretty Marguerite.”

Dripped my bark for thirty years,

O'er ocean caves, mid coral reefs,

Sometimes its sails were wet with tears,

Dews from many silent griefs;

But sometimes I was gay and glad,
They live not who are ever sad.

Then I steered 'neath Italian skies,

Back to fairest Tuscany,

With all the old love in my eyes,

Hunting a lost part of me,

I found a woman, pale and gray,

All alone in the moment of day.

She knew me, though my beard was long;

Strange enough, I knew not her;

But when she sang a sad, old song,

Memory began to stir—

Come to me, Marguerite,” I cried,

Dream of my youth! my joy! my pride!”

Oh, why this salt spray in thy hair?

Snow-white is this ocean brine.”

She looked up with a saddened stare,

“This spray is from the sea of Time,

Fresh youth has roamed far, far from me

Since you left dear old Tuscany.”

Then moaned I: “Why did he depart,

And why should woman have a heart?”

I kissed her, and we walked away;

Hand in hand, as once we walked;

Parted we not till close of day.

I think 'twas of the past we talked;

But this, I know, she said: “Amen!”

To the old story told again.

Married for Money.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THEY were both attractive-looking women; one, fair, slight, with serious gray eyes and intensely black lashes and brows and hair; with a sweet, thoughtful mouth; that indicated also an imperious gravity that well became all of Mrs. Leverett's actions.

A pretty name—Fay Leverett—Mrs. Fay Leverett, the young widow of twenty-seven, whose husband, upon dying, left her a fortune and a stepdaughter only seven years younger than herself—Miss Jessie, who was ardently attached to her dead father's pretty wife, and who was more like a dear sister than anything else.

Jessie was very fair to see, as well as Fay. Jessie was a pure, perfect blonde, with the goldenest of hair, the clearest of skins, the bluest of eyes. A witching, winsome girl, who set half the beaux demented, leaving the other half to admire the mature though equally irresistible charm of Mrs. Leverett's society and beauty.

Jessie was gay—as gay as a beautiful, happy, care-free girl ought to be; and while her life was a round of innocent gayeties and pleasures, Mrs. Leverett, in the retirement of home, from which she seldom went, and where she shone like a pure, steady, lustrous star, received, very quietly, the adulation of her friends.

So, as has been stated, they were both attractive women, with the lion's share of beauty on Jessie's side, where it belonged, and the most wealth on Mrs. Leverett's side—that had come to her partly from her husband, who had provided for Jessie bountifully, and partly from a recently deceased connection, in whose property she had legal rights.

Being familiarly conversant with the actual condition of affairs, Arch Estmond had been for a month or more balancing the momentous question in his mind—as to which of these fair women he should propose—Jessie, whose radiant, sparkling beauty had bewitched him, or Fay, whose fortune made her a very desirable object of admiration, aside from the sweetness he was not slow to perceive.

He was not what you might call a bad man, because he thus argued, pro and con. Many a man, better than he, has done likewise, and men of acknowledged nobility of character and faultlessness of principle will continue to do it, so long as there is money in the world and it remains the superlative attraction.

He was not a bad man; but he was selfish and wanted the best for himself, who does not?

He would have married a woman for her money, and then been as good a husband to her as nine out of ten would have been. So, very gradually, he decided in favor of Mrs. Leverett, the while, away down in his heart, he could not banish the bright, saucy face of Jessie. He was a handsome man—self-important, self-assured, proud and independent in manner and speech; and yet, genial, pleasing and a prime favorite, not only with society at large, but with Mrs. Leverett and Jessie, at whose house he had been a frequent visitor the past two years, and where he was sure of a welcome, and whither he bent his steps as he throve aside his chick that had been his companion in the reverie, that decided him to win Fay Leverett for his wife.

The brown damask curtains that divided the bay-window from the parlor, were partly open, and just inside, with her head bent forward on her hand, Mrs. Leverett could see Jessie, sitting in a motionless attitude, that of itself betrayed the unusual thoughtfulness of the girl. Mrs. Fay was making a fleecy air-castle, as she sat cozily in front of the grate, but her eyes went over to the half-parted curtains of tenter that was good for the completion of her task, and her thoughts were constantly on the girl's drooping figure, with its flushed face, and serious countenance.

An hour passed, with only the low, murmurous tick of the Egyptian clock on the mantle, the dropping of a coal from the grate, or the nestling of the canary in the gilded cage, to indicate life, a warm life, a companion life. An hour, while Mrs. Leverett's fingers lagged with every moment and her interested anxiety increased.

No sign from the girl; no rustle of her dress; until after another long, silent half-hour, she abruptly arose, and emerged from the curtains, a half-anxious smile on her face, and the tokens of a puzzled decision in her eyes.

Mrs. Leverett looked up gladly, quickly.

“Jessie, dear, can I be of any assistance? or—ought I not to know?”

Jessie came swiftly over to Mrs. Leverett's side, and sat down on the low soft ottoman on which the lady's feet had been resting.

“It is so strange that I cannot decide to accept Mr. Lorme's offer, mamma. I have scolded myself, and coaxed myself, and yet, there seems something that will not let me say yes. It is very strange, mamma.”

Mrs. Leverett stroked the glistening, golden hair.

“I wish you could have decided Jessie, for there never can come another such opportunity for happiness to you again. You know what a nobleman Mr. Lorme is, don't you?”

An eager, acquiescing look came to her eyes.

“Indeed I know it, mamma, and that is what makes me so vexed and puzzled with myself. I admire him so much, and think so much of him. I know he is good, high principled, of spotless reputation—in every way far worthier of a princess than of me. And yet, mamma, I don't dare say yes, because—because—”

She hesitated, and a wistful, anxious, puzzled look clouded the brightness of her eyes.

“Because, what, Jessie? Do you shrink as a woman should from giving her hand where she cannot bestow her heart? Or—look at me, Jessie—and her truthful, earnest eyes looked into the girl's—“or, do you think of some one else?”

A faint tinge of deeper color surged to Jessie's cheeks, and she involuntarily averted her face.

“I—I—don't know. I am not sure that I care for any one, but mamma—mamma! I do think about Mr. Estmond so much!”

Her brave, girlish confession was very sweet, very artless, and Mrs. Leverett smiled, half-amusedly, half-sadly.

“Arch Estmond! Child, he is more than twice as old as you are! Arch Estmond!”

Her voice faltered just a trifle, but Jessie did not detect it, or, having noticed the defection, never dreamed of the cause—dreamed that her pretty, sedate mother also thought much of handsome Arch Estmond.

But, whatever the feeling that Fay had cherished away down in her heart, she gave no sign beyond that one slight shiver in her sweet voice.

“If you love Mr. Estmond, dear—”

Jessie's clear eyes met hers on the instant.

“Oh, mamma, I didn't say that; indeed, I don't mean anything except that I dare not accept Mr. Lorme—dear old Phil—while I even think of any one else.”

Fay's eyes moistened at the girl's keen sense of honorable right.

“There is time—give yourself plenty of time for a thoughtful examination of your own heart. If you think you love Mr. Estmond—my blessing go with you. If you accept Philip Lorme, you are sure of my cordial consent.”

And so these two noble women acted in Jessie's love affair, while Arch Estmond, who had fascinated them both, was fighting down the ever-constant image of a fair, sweet face framed in with fluffy golden hair, and lighted with dazzling blue eyes; while he was waiting patiently for his appointed time, to ask Mrs. Leverett to be his wife.

A rush of cool, fresh air came in through the open door, followed by Mr. Lorme and Jessie Leverett, ruddy, shiny-eyed, with hair blown over their faces, and the sweet, pure smell of frostiness in their clothes.

Mrs. Leverett looked up from her book, a faint surprise on her face that only Jessie understood.

“Mamma—I have insisted on Phil's coming for your congratulations; we're engaged, mamma, after all! and I'm so happy!”

Lorme laughed and extended his hand to Fay.

“If I did not understand what Jessie means by that 'after all,' I might be inclined to think I had run a great risk. However, I am perfectly happy. And we have your consent?”

Fay kissed him tenderly.

“My warmest benediction! while among the best wishes I offer is, that there may always be the frankness between you and Jessie that there seems to have already been: I infer you know why she delayed her answer?”

Lorme smiled in Jessie's flushed face, then looked tenderly, gravely at her.

“She has told me all; and I, in turn, told her the common rumor that was abroad concerning Mr. Estmond—that he swears he will marry the pretty widow, and make her pay his debts; yourself, dear Mrs. Leverett.”

Fay cheeks flushed hotly.

“Arch Estmond said that—you are sure?”

“Sure; he told me himself not a week ago, and then I decided to put you on your guard, and I told him as much.”

Fay said little else; but her eyes fairly flashed for hours afterward; and when Mr. Estmond was announced several hours later, after Lorme and Jessie had gone to hear Albion, her eyes were scintillating still—but not with the delight at seeing him that Mr. Estmond instantly supposed.

“I am so glad you are alone, Mrs. Leverett, this evening of all evenings. I am in a most suitable mood to be entertained—by yourself.”

He looked at her earnestly, as he sat lazily down in a large, puffed arm-chair, the gas-gleams showing all his personal beauty, his studied elegance of attire, his careless grace of position.

Fay looked at him with a curl of her lips; that was with her a decisive token of war to the hilt—a token she seldom manifested; that now disappeared almost ere it had appeared, and she turned her lovely placid face to her guest.

He had come for the especial purpose tonight, nothing doubting; and in his very courtliest way he offered Fay Leverett the honor and privilege of sharing her fortune with him, while he gave her as a fair equivalent his name and devotion.

She listened very quietly, and gave him his answer deliberately and kindly—hardly enough warmth, he thought, as he listened.

“You are doing me a very great honor, Mr. Estmond, and I cannot but be conscious of it. It is true there is the disadvantage of such a large daughter as I have—but if you will not be inconvenienced by having her call you

“Was she making fun, or only in one of her earnest, literal moods? He could not think the former; there was, beside, a something peculiarly earnest in her eyes and face and voice and manner.

“If you are satisfied, I will try to give you the reward you ask, and are so anxious to obtain—if it really is worth having.”

She laughed softly—she was more bewitching than ever.

“You doubt that this dear heart and hand of yours is a reward fit for a king? You have only to command me to prove my devotion to the prize I have won.”

He was thinking what a strange wooing this was—how different from what wooings generally were; but then—he was not a boy; and Fay was a widow nearer thirty than anything else.

“It is so strange that I cannot decide to accept Mr. Lorme's offer, mamma. I have scolded myself, and coaxed myself, and yet, there seems something that will not let me say yes. It is very strange, mamma.”

Mrs. Leverett stroked the glistening, golden hair.

“I wish you could have decided Jessie, for there never can come another such opportunity for happiness to you again. You know what a nobleman Mr. Lorme is, don't you?”

She laid her hand caressingly on his coat-sleeve. He looked a little surprised, then disappointed, then pained; but—agreed, of course.

“If you are so cruel as to banish me for a year—why, I must go. And when I come back, Fay, my dear?”

She averted her eyes, and her cheeks flushed.

“A year from to-night I will meet you at the altar of St. Hilda's—there to give you the last deserts for your long, patient probation.”

He kissed her good-by—rather coolly; but the one blessed thought sustained him, and in many other hours of that long, weary year, brightened by occasional letters from Mrs. Leverett; that in no other way could a fortune and a lifetime of ease be so rapidly acquired.

Over England, France, Germany; traveling here and there, he went the rounds, waiting for the day to come; while in her home, pursuing her customary avocations, Fay went on, and kept her own counsel; only, there were times when there came a stern, pitiless light in her eyes, and a pain on her face, for a second.

Jessie Leverett stood before her dressing-bureau, attired in her bridal array, and looking every inch a princess in her dignity, her proud grace. Beside her, Mrs. Leverett was buttoning her pearl-gray kid—almost as young, as fair, as regal, in her wedding-dress of gray silk and Valenciennes lace, as the bride herself.

“You will have plenty of time to see Philip in the library before you start for church, dear,” she was saying, gently.

“It is now only six o'clock, and I gave orders that St. Hilda's should not be open until eight, at earliest.

“So while you and Phil are talking over, I will take the close carriage with Dr. Torry, and aunt Nell, and just drive over to the church, to see if everything is in readiness.”

Jessie was too interested in her own affairs to note the unusual gleam in her stepmother's eyes; nor did she observe, as she stepped in the carriage, the increasing flush on her cheeks.

none of the care to imbitter the draught beneath. So she went to work with a will to make Thornhurst the center of attractions scarcely less than those they had lately left.

"I have only one obstacle yet to overcome, but I almost despair of that," she said to Nora on the day preceding that which should usher in Christmas eve. "I want a Cleopatra for the *tableau vivant*; I have set my heart on that being the most gorgeous scene of all. And not one of all the people here can represent Egypt's dusky queen. You will be admirable as Titania, Nora, a trifle tall, but the ladies here are all tall as it chances, and all blondes. It was the greatest of oversights that I didn't secure one decided brunette. I have been looking for one among the families of the neighborhood, but the darkest among all the ladies who have called is blue-eyed and brown-haired, a far from my Cleopatra as day is from night."

"Then you haven't had a sight of Miss Montrose. The very ideal of a Cleopatra, Mrs. Grahame, positively the most beautiful woman I ever saw in my life. It is very unfortunate that the colonel's prejudices are so strong. He has a bitter dislike of her father, and I am afraid that even for you Miss Montrose will not be admitted to Thornhurst. He refused me, and I am hardly over the disappointment yet. I absolutely fell in love with her at first sight, and notwithstanding all the delightfully trying experiences I have been through since that first impression lingers still."

"Well in love, Nora! What a strong expression applied to an ordinary person like that. Miss Montrose, I am sure we all have reason for thankfulness that your guardian is so decided. A very common young woman, Mrs. Grahame, I assure you, something of an Amazon in appearance, I grant, but not at all the sort of person you would care to introduce to such society as you have gathered here. I am positive my nerves would not bear the strain of her presence."

Mrs. Sholto Hayes who was present bowed herself from her habitual languor to express herself thus forcibly.

"She's the picture of a Southern beauty, Mrs. Grahame, and as much a lady as I am," asserted Nora, in laughing defiance. "Mrs. Hayes saw things through the reverse of the glass that day; one of those days when everything goes wrong, and I was the unfortunate cause in her case. Mrs. Hayes suffered through her discomfiture at being precipitated in the lane and afterward taking refuge in a house where she hadn't gone through with the formality previously of leaving her card."

The exertion of resistance from Mrs. Hayes was out of the question. She sunk back among the cushions of a couch where she had reclined all the morning.

"You queer creature!" she said, in mild protest. "One never knows how to take you."

"Montrose," repeated Mrs. Grahame, "and Southerners, did you say, Nora? It must be the family of whom Mr. Telford from the village was speaking yesterday. He said a portion of the lands that were confiscated during the war had been restored to Mr. Montrose. I remember he remarked they had remained very secluded here, and my own impression was rather favorable than otherwise. I don't see that this Miss Montrose should be less eligible as a guest than any other young lady of the neighborhood. We positively must have her if she will answer for a Cleopatra."

"You forget the one difficulty, my guardian's objection. He is scarcely more likely to consent now than before."

"Uncle Seymour has given the invitations entirely in my charge. I shall invite Miss Montrose in my own name. You may mention it to the colonel if you like, but in any case the young lady must be secured. But I really don't see how with all the costumes to be inspected, I am to take time to call upon her this morning. Do you suppose you could manage it, Nora? You would answer quite as well."

"I shall be too happy with my guardian's consent. But for once I decline to 'bear the lion in his den,' the Vivian in his halls." You must take that responsibility, Mrs. Grahame."

"Here he comes for the very purpose of cutting the knot of our difficulties," and Mrs. Grahame glanced up sweetly. "I have just discovered a person to take the important character of the evening, uncle Seymour—the Cleopatra, you know, which I almost despaired of representing. You will have no objection to sending an invitation even at this late date, I hope?"

"I leave everything of that kind with you, Lisa. Have your list complete by all means." Colonel Vivian had entered with something of a feverish earnestness into these festive preparations. He was striving to bury his own deep disappointment in the excitement of the time.

"Thanks, my dear uncle. Of course I did not really suppose you would object, but Nora here appeared to have some misgivings."

"The lady of Miss Montrose," spoke up Nora. "You know, Colonel Vivian, whether I had cause for misgiving or not. I for one would dearly like to have her here."

"I understand that the circumstances of the family hereforeto have not been quite unexceptionable," put in Mrs. Grahame silkily. "That objection is alleviated by the restoration of Southern property very recently effected. The father and daughter intend to depart for the South early in the new year, Mr. Telford mentioned."

Over the colonel's face swept a shade, his shaggy, wavy hair, and Nora watching that Miss Montrose's chances were few for appearing at Thornhurst. It was a moment before he spoke, and during that moment there had been a struggle in the colonel's mind.

His hatred of Walter Montrose had been based on his discovery that the other aspired to an alliance between his own daughter and the colonel's son. Walter Montrose had come to him, six years before, and made the proposal openly, insolently the colonel had considered it, urging his own birth and breeding, his daughter's beauty and culture, the far-off possibility of an honorable title and emoluments descending to him. Colonel Vivian rejected the proposition with scorn. No impostor, runaway slave-owner of the South, secessionist at heart, should become allied in the remotest degree with the loyal, hot-headed Vivians. There might be other men as well-bred and as well-born too, he would dare say, other young ladies quite as beautiful and cultured, and for his own part he would rather see Vane married to some pretty, graceful girl of his own position, and no pedigree than any offshoot of Old England snobbishness. Of the far-away title and expectations he was suspicious, not to say openly incredulous. Things were vastly altered since that, however. There was no heir of Thornhurst now to be angled for. His own dislike for the man Montrose need not be brought into play, since they were to leave the neighborhood at so near a date. Yes, the girl might come if she chose and the others really wished.

He said so, not any too graciously, it is to be feared, and stalked away on his dignity to an uncompromising degree, but under that

stiff demeanor was the harrowing conviction always present of the bitter wound his own pride and independence had received.

Never, never again would Colonel Vivian be the same free-hearted, passionate, yet noble old man he had been before.

"Are you aware how close it is upon Christmas-time, Venetia?"

"The twenty-third, papa. I had occasion to consult the calendar this morning."

"After the style of Robinson Crusoe with his notched stick, that is all you have to mark the days. Are you any nearer an invitation to Thornhurst than you were two weeks ago, when the party first returned?"

"Certainly not. I was not aware that you still aspired to that honor for me."

"I have never retracted my first expression of the wish. Why should you think it?"

Miss Montrose lifted her face from the work with which she was engaged to look steadily at her father.

"I had not expected such an honor," said Miss Montrose, calmly.

"Do you hope you will consent, although—" and Nora laughed—"I have not spoken of the weighty consequences to ensue. We are all engaged for acting chardes, tableaux and the like, and at a glowing description from me, Mrs. Grahame has set her heart on securing you to take a part in them. She wants a Cleopatra, and of all the people far and near you are the only one who could consistently take the part."

"To which fact I am indebted for my invitation. Many thanks, Miss Carteret—"

"Now you are not going to refuse!" cried Nora, in alarm. "Indeed, I have wanted you sincerely from the time we first came down."

"I am too sensible of the honor to think of refusing. I shall be happy to prove of any service, Miss Carteret, and accept most gladly."

Nora took her departure soon after, promising to send a carriage for Miss Montrose, and such effects as she should need for a week's sojourn later in the day. Venetia watched her from the window, taking a path across the fields on her return. What she had longed for had the invitation to Thornhurst. She would have the opportunity of meeting Owen Dare without fear, and beyond that she would not let her thoughts stray. She would meet Owen Dare, but for her life she could not have defined the thrill at her heart as most glad or painful.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 262.)

the seat which was offered her, dropped her fur-lined wrap back from her shoulders, and chatted on the indifferent subjects which are always brought in on such occasions.

"I am delighted that an opportunity has occurred for renewing our acquaintance, Miss Montrose," said Nora, "even at the risk of having you think I might have found the opportunity sooner. My call of to-day should properly have devolved upon our mistress of ceremonies, but I usurped the favor instead.

I am authorized to convey Mrs. Grahame's compliments and all that, but I am going to beg for my own sake that you will not refuse what I have come to ask. It is that you will come up to Thornhurst, be my particular guest for the next week."

Thus the invitation had come at last. Mr. Montrose, apparently absorbed in his book on the further side of the room from the first moment after Nora's entrance, shot a quick glance toward his daughter.

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"Do you know anything about this outlaw?"

"I reckon I do," Joe replied, confidently. "I understand that there's a heap of money offered for Kit!"

"S'pose one of his men comes to you and offers to fix things, so that you can corral Kit; would you pay the man the money and git him a pardon for what he had done?"

"Certainly."

"I'm your man then, by hokey!" cried Joe. "I kin put Overland Kit into your hands."

"When?" asked the Judge, eagerly.

"Inside of two hours."

"How you can! Where is he?"

"Why, right hyer."

"Here?" questioned the Judge, in amazement.

"Yes, hyer in Spur City; he's got his dis-
guise off now, though, but I kin swear to his
voice!" cried Joe, full of confidence.

CHAPTER XV.
GAJUS STRIKES A "LEAD."

The sun had 'stink' behind the snow-white peaks far off in the west, and the gloom of the twilight was gathering thick over river, valley and mountain range.

Spur City was alive with red-shirted, big-booted miners. Dim lights were shining from the few windows that the mining-camp possessed, and whisky-drinking and card-playing were going on briskly.

Young Rennet coming up the street encountered at the door of the Eldorado a man who has not appeared before in our story, although spoken of.

The man was Gajus Tendall. In appearance he was about the medium height, not very stoutly built; the contour of his face regular, blue eyes—rather handsome eyes, but shifting and uncertain; light yellow hair that curled in crispy ringlets all over his head.

At the first glance that Rennet gave at his friend, he saw that something was the matter with him. There was a look of exultation upon his face that was not usually there, for Tendall was one of the habitually unlucky fellows who never succeed in any undertaking, and his face was generally gloomy and overcast.

"Hallo, Jim, my boy!" ejaculated Tendall, slapping Rennet on the shoulder. "I've been looking all over the town for you. I've been in every drinking-place from here to Paddy's Flat, hunting you, and have 'pisoned' myself in every one."

"Why, you must be flush, then," Rennet said, a little puzzled, for he knew that that very morning Tendall hadn't a dollar.

"Flush, well, you bet!" cried his friend, in triumph. "Shall I lend you ten?" and he drew a handful of silver from his pocket as he spoke.

"Where the deuce did you get your money?" asked Rennet, in astonishment.

"Oh, I've struck a 'lead,'" replied Gajus, with an affection of carelessness unconcern.

"Not up in the gully?"

"No, down here in the city."

"The deuce you have?"

"Fact!" exclaimed Tendall, triumphantly.

"Been playing poker?"

"Did you ever know me to win any thing at cards?"

"Never!" replied Rennet, emphatically.

"Well, I didn't get this that way. I've struck 'pay-dirt,' partner; and I'll bet that the strike will be worth four oughts before I get through with it."

"What the deuce have you tumbled into?" questioned Rennet, in amazement.

"A pocketful of gold-dust, old pard!" cried Tendall, gayly; "no more slaving for me; you can take him for a permanent boarder, ma."

"I don't want anybody," said Jane, pleasantly. "If I'm going to help you trim your flosses, Bell, we ought to be at work, for there is no time to be lost."

"See here, Gay, you've got too much whisky on board!"

"Fuller'n a tick, you bet! How's that for high?" and Tendall hit Rennet another vigorous slap on the shoulder.

"Are you crazy?"

"With joy 'yes,'" replied Tendall. "The fact is, Jim, I've discovered a little secret, and to have me keep my mouth shut, somebody pays me well. Do you see? I'm all right for the best room in the Eldorado, hereafter."

"Oh! it's something that concerns Miss Jimmie, eh?"

"Did I say it was?" demanded Tendall, with an air of wisdom. "I say, Jim, I've been celebrating pretty free, but I know what I'm about, and you can't pump me!"

"Who's trying to?" asked Rennet, with a laugh. "I suppose though that you have discovered who backs Miss Jimmie in running the Eldorado, eh?"

"Well, maybe I have and maybe I haven't," replied Tendall, with a wink; "but come in and we'll have a bottle of wine; that is, if they've got such thing here; and I don't believe they have."

As the two entered the Eldorado, they encountered the old lawyer. Rennet introduced his friend to his father. The old gentleman begged to be excused, when Tendall pressed him to join himself and "Jim" and proceeded up-stairs, leaving the two young men in the saloon.

The old lawyer went at once to Bernice's room. He found the young girl seated by the window, peering out into the darkness, for by this time, the shadows of the twilight had descended into the somber gloom of the night.

A single candle burning on the little table, alone lighted up the room.

"Well, my dear," said the old lawyer, after entering the little apartment, "I hope that you are pretty well satisfied by this time with this detestable place. I think that we had better make up our minds to return to New York as soon as possible."

"You forget that I have not discovered yet what I came to seek," Bernice replied.

"Oh, hain't James told you?"

"Told me what?"

"Why about the miner who witnessed the death of your cousin, Patrick?"

"His death?"

"Patrick Gwynne is not dead?" replied Bernice, decidedly.

"Oh, yes, my dear, he is!" exclaimed the lawyer. "James met a miner to day who told him all the particulars of the affair. Why, he even saw him buried. A man, you know, don't come up out of the ground."

"Patrick Gwynne has!" Bernice exclaimed.

"Eh?" Rennet was astonished.

"He can't be in his grave."

"Why not?"

"Because I have seen him to-day!" replied Bernice, firmly.

"My dear girl, are you in possession of your senses?" Rennet exclaimed.

"I think that I am perfectly sane," Bernice said, smiling. "I repeat; I have not only seen, but spoken with Patrick Gwynne to-day."

"You have!"

"Yes, and before many days you shall see him also. He is now disguising himself under a false name."

"Bless me, you really astonish me," said Rennet, rather bewildered. His little plan for deceiving in regard to the fate of Patrick Gwynne had entirely failed. "I must go and tell James the news," and he hurried from the room.

Bernice again gazed out of the window.

"I'm your man then, by hokey!" cried Joe. "I kin put Overland Kit into your hands."

"When?" asked the Judge, eagerly.

"Inside of two hours."

"How you can! Where is he?"

"Why, right hyer."

"Here?" questioned the Judge, in amazement.

"Yes, hyer in Spur City; he's got his dis-

guise off now, though, but I kin swear to his
voice!" cried Joe, full of confidence.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 264.)

Plain Jane.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"WELL, girls, you can decide it among you, but somebody will have to be here to receive Mr. Hastings, of course."

"I can't stay, ma," said Arabella. "I wouldn't miss the wedding for anything, and besides, Lucy's cousin, Lieutenant Osborn, is to be there, and who knows what may happen?" and the beauty gave a simper and a toss of her head.

Augusta was another beauty, and a musician besides, so she gave a simper and two tosses, as she tartly replied: "Nothing will come of it to you, Miss, for I intend to capture Lieutenant Osborn myself."

"Yes, I know you are the oldest, and ought to marry first," returned Arabella, spitefully, "but it don't follow you will! In fact, I shouldn't wonder if you had to be an old maid, and take your stool, and sit in the shade!"

"You shut up!" was Augusta's sisterly retort.

And here Jane interposed to keep the peace.

"I'll stay, ma. I would like to be at Lucy's wedding, but some one must be here, and it will save the expense of three dresses, anyhow."

"Ye-es," said Mrs. Locke half hesitating,

for she knew it always fell to the lot of little Jane to give up the new dresses and stay at home.

"It will be as much as I can do to fix Bell and Gus up, and Mr. Hastings' board will be a great help to us—twelve dollars a week is a big item to us. I'll be glad if you will stay, Jane dear. I'd stay myself, but of course I ought to go to chaperone the girls."

"Yes, I want you to go. I don't mind staying at all," said Jane, bravely, for it was a disappointment to her.

"Of course as old Comfort and John are here, there's nothing improper in your being left to meet a single gentleman, and I'm glad to have it settled," said Mrs. Locke, with a sigh of relief.

"How do you know he is a single gentleman?" asked Arabella, with a sudden interest.

"He said he was a widower with no family. He looked like a gentleman, too, girls. But I don't know what his business is," said Mrs. Locke.

"Oh, well, we will leave him for Jane," laughed Arabella. "I'll take the lieutenant, and Gus can set her cap for some other rich fellow, and Jane can have the widower, and you can take him for a permanent boarder, ma."

"I don't want anybody," said Jane, pleasantly.

"If I'm going to help you trim your flosses, Bell, we ought to be at work, for there is no time to be lost."

"I'll never get through by myself, that's a good girl to help me, so we'll go right at it," said Arabella, tossing over a fleecy mountain of soft tulle and ribbons. But when the work was done, Jane's small fingers had put in a little hope that Mr. Hastings would choose one of her sisters, for he would be such a good, kind brother!

At first Mr. Hastings included Jane in his invitations to walk or ride, but Jane was always busy and couldn't go, so after a while he ceased to ask her. And Jane only gave a quiet little sigh, and went about her duties with a little hope that Mr. Hastings would choose one of her sisters, for he would be such a good, kind brother!

One evening, when the summer was nearly gone, Mrs. Locke and the beauties were out making calls, and Jane was sitting at the parlor window, finishing some dainty piece of work, all lace and ruffles, for her sister Arabella, when Mr. Hastings came in.

He explained his early appearance by saying he had a headache and felt tired, and so had returned by the four o'clock train instead of waiting till six as usual.

"The season is almost over, and my hour in this cozy home will be few at the most," he said, with the grave, pleasant smile Jane had learned to know so well.

"We shall all be sorry to have you go," she said, quietly.

"Will you? Well, I am glad, in this case, that you are sorry," he said, gayly. Then he added, more seriously: "The truth is, Miss Jane, your mother and her daughters have made my home so pleasant to me this summer that I have come to the conclusion that I cannot return to my city home unless she will kindly let me take one of them with me, to brighten my fireside there."

Jane bent over her work, and her color came and her voice was unsteady as she answered.

"I am sure they—she—whichever one of the girls you choose will be very happy, sir."

"Do you think she will?" asked Mr. Hastings.

"She could not help it," said Jane, bending steadily over her work.

"And which one shall I choose?" asked Mr. Hastings.

"Oh, do not ask me—how can I tell?" said Jane.

"Which one do you think would love me best?" persisted Mr. Hastings, looking intently at Jane.

Poor Jane grew a deeper crimson, and bent down so he could not see her face at all, only shaking her head for a reply.

"Well, then," said Mr. Hastings, lightly, "since you will tell me nothing, I must tell you everything. My choice is made, little Jane! Look up, and let me show her to you."

Wondering and half frightened, Jane raised her blushing, confused face, and Mr. Hastings, lifting her from her chair, led her across the room to the great mirror over the marble-topped table.

"There she is; look at her," said he.

Jane looked at her own reflection, then up into Mr. Hastings' face, her own the picture of pleading.

"Me? Oh, no! no! You do not mean it!" she cried, covering her burning cheeks with her hands.

He took the hands fast prisoners in his own, encircled the shrinking little form with his arm, and said in a tone not to be misunderstood:

"But I do mean it, and I have meant it ever since that first evening when I came here, and you met me, and cared for me, like the dear little home-angel you are. Say, my little Jane, can't you love me?"

"This is not my hostess, I think?"

"No, sir. Only her youngest daughter, Jane," answered she, explaining and excusing the absence of her mother and sisters. He placed a chair for her, as politely as if she had been a princess, instead of a little nobody, and talked so pleasantly a few minutes that Jane was surprised at herself for venturing to say so much.

"No, you are not plain! You are all sweet, all lovely to me, as I know you are all good!" cried Mr. Hastings. "Come, Jane, my little darling! I have you here, and I mean to hold you till you say you will be my little wife, and let your mother be my mother and your sisters my sisters, and I will care for them as a son and a brother should. Come, Jane! is it

with a view overlooking the blue hills and the distant river.

The fragrant tea, snowy-white rolls, pine slices of cold ham, delicate jelly-cake, and luscious strawberries blushing through the little freshets of pure, sweet cream Jane poured over them, and above all the country coolness and freshness, were very delightful to Mr. Hastings.

Nor did he find plain Jane herself an unworthy object to look upon. Indeed, though nothing could make her beauty like her pink-and-white-and-golden sisters, she was not plain Jane by any means as she sat and poured the tea.

Her little figure was always trim and dainty; her hands small and shapely, and just now her brown hair was smooth and glossy, her eyes shining, and a little embarrassment lent a faint, pink glow to the cheeks usually so pale and sallow.

No, Jane was not a beauty, but she was sweet and womanly to look upon, and her gentle, modest deportment made her more attractive in Mr. Hastings' eyes than the dashings, unabashed belles he was so tired of mingling with and being courted by.

Because— "But I will let Miss Augusta and Miss Arabella tell the news as they told it to Jane when they came home, *perhaps* a little earlier than they otherwise might, the next morning."

"Well, did he come?" asked Miss Augusta, before they were fairly in the house.

"The new boarder?" Yes," answered Jane.

"Is he here now?"

"No, he went back to the city this morning."

"He'll be down again to-night

GOING TO CHURCH.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I recollect when Sue and I
First went to church together,
Because it was the very worst
Kind of December weather.

I wasn't feeling very brave;
I had a faint heart, I trembled;
I hadn't anything to say—
And I believe I said it.

We entered church; I led the way;
A terrible ordeal!

A hundred eyes were bent on me—
I thought, "Can this be real?"

I found a vacant pew, and there
Sat my little charmer;

I somehow felt quite tremulous
And wished it was some warmer.

The solemn stillness tried me sore;

I did not sit there proudly;

I made a movement with my foot
And struck the footstool loudly.

I knew the boys were making sport;

All and the girls—a-snickerin';
I felt my breath was growing short,

And all the lights were flickering.

But then we all rose up to sing;

The hymn was a long one;

To sing the last verse I sat down—
But each time at the wrong one.

I knew the boys at school next day
Would raise a laugh at me after school;

And if there's anything to dread,
It's a schoolboy's laughter.

But how savage my maiden sat,
Lost to all things around her!

While I lost confidence in myself
My faith in her grew sounder.

I sat there wishing that I was
In some lone desert region,

And in my restlessness I lost
A good deal of religion.

The sermon lengthened as it went;

And seemed to get no thinner;

I thought the parson preached at me;

And felt myself a sinner.

My hands seemed far too numerous
By something like a dozen,

Yet all the while I sat as straight
As if I had been frozen.

And going home I made a woe,

But held it with my teeth in,

That ere I take another girl to church be-

fore I got used to it,

I'd live and die a heathen.

LEAVES

From a Lawyer's Life.

BY A. GOULD PENN.

III.—Convicting the Court.

"TELEGRAM, sir!" shouted a small messenger-boy, as he dashed into my office, and handed me one of the familiar brown envelopes.

Mechanically I took it from his hand. Telegrams were usually nothing surprising to me, and supposing it to be some ordinary business message, I leisurely tore open the envelope to read its contents.

The message was short, but its contents surprised me very much; it read:

"HARRISON, Nov. 10, 18—
To T. A. SMITH, Attorney.—Come down and see me at once. I am in trouble; arrested for murder.
WILLIAM SMITH."

William Smith! Cousin Will, as I used to call him in our boyhood days. I had not seen him for some years, and knew nothing of his whereabouts, yet we had been schoolmates and boys together. But, cousin Will was inclined to be, as I considered, a little wild, and at last it had culminated as the telegram indicated. Arrested for murder! Not so bad as that I hoped, but yet I must go to him and see what assistance I could render.

The next train left for Harrison at eleven o'clock; plenty of time for me to prepare, and accordingly I set about it, and reached the depot in good time for the train. Soon I was comfortably seated in the car, and an hour's ride sufficed to bring us into the Union Depot at Harrison.

Hailing a cab, I requested to be set down at the county jail, and a ride of a few moments found me at that stronghold; so, discharging the cabman, I made my way into the building.

A slight acquaintance with the jailer sufficed to procure an entrance to William Smith's cell. There sat the prisoner on his couch, with his face buried in his hands, and a look of misery and dejection about him that touched my heart. Glancing up at my entrance, he recognized me, and with a cry of joy sprung to his feet and gave me a hearty embrace.

"William!" I exclaimed.

"Andy, my dear old boy!" and a hearty shake from William.

Andy was my schoolboy name, and it was but natural that my friend should so call me.

When he had calmed down somewhat, William began to talk.

"Yes, Andy, again we meet, after three years of separation, but I never thought it would be in a felon's cell. I have been a wild fellow, Andy, but God knows I never was so low as to commit murder."

His manner at once convinced me of his innocence. His story was soon told. In company with a friend from the country, a young man named Joseph Greer, he had visited one of the fashionable saloons of the city, and after both were duly warmed up with liquor they had been induced to enter a back room, up-stairs, where the gaming was usually going on.

"I was too fond of cards, Andy, and I persuaded my friend Greer to have a social game. We both had money, and we were both too much intoxicated to be cautious. We found two strange gentlemen seated at the table, and we joined them in a game, at their earnest request. Greer and I were both a little boisterous and in the progress of the game we disputed and had some high words.

"One of the strangers, I remember him well, he was a tall man with a frowning countenance, black hair and short, black beard, ordered some beer, which the waiter-boy brought; but, just at this juncture, one of the strangers disputed a deal, which inflamed both Greer and I, and we all four sprung to our feet with drawn pistols. A blow from the fist of some one put out the candle, and at the same instant a shot was fired, and all was confusion.

"The rest you know. I was at once taken into custody for the murder of Greer, and the two strangers were nowhere to be found."

Such was the prisoner's story, and it looked dark, indeed, to me, but I would try to unravel the mystery, and so assuring William I left him in his gloomy prison.

Going to the hotel, I there met a man whom I knew.

"Good day, Smith! What brings you to Harrison?"

"John Homer!" I exclaimed, joyfully—"the very man of all others I most wished to see at this moment!" and I grasped the hand of my friend, one of the shrewdest detectives in the State.

I ordered a room and we were shown into it, and I at once proceeded to plan with Hom-

er to discover the real murderer of Joseph Greer.

He entered readily into the search, and from his knowledge of the place and parties he had great hopes of success.

I visited and secured the assistance of a legal friend in Harrison, and had a long conversation with him in his office. His name was James T. Janson, and I knew him to be a man of talent from former association, and afterward had the pleasure of seeing him on the bench.

"When is your next session of court?" I asked of him.

"Just two months," he answered.

"Who is your judge?"

"We have a new judge, now—his name is Crandall, and I hear him well spoken of, as far as his legal ability is concerned, but I also hear that his private character is not what it should be."

I returned home, my mind filled with plans for future action, and resumed the routine of my office.

Again I visited Harrison. Court was then in session, and the grand jury had found a true bill of indictment against William Smith for the murder, in the second degree, of one Joseph Greer.

In due time the case was called, and the prisoner arraigned at the bar of the court. Judge Crandall was on the bench, and I took a mental inventory of the man, and of course a dislike, amounting to aversion.

There was something of the relentless, hard and cruel disposition in his judicial conduct, but without I was struck by his profound legal skill and learning.

Homer, the detective, was promptly on hand, and to my joy told me that he had made some important discoveries, and that he would not tell me all until he testified at the trial. With this assurance I was obliged to be content, and with my friend Janson to assist me, the trial was commenced.

The testimony against my poor client was strong and convincing. His conduct toward the deceased began to tell with force upon the minds of the jury, and I began to fear that all was lost, when a glance at the detective, Homer, told me that all was still well.

Jack Sneed, the waiter-boy, a lad of sixteen, was then called to the stand, and told apparently a very straight story. Homer took his seat at my elbow and suggested to me while I cross-examined him.

"You say you saw this man, the prisoner, draw his pistol and fire at the deceased?" I demanded.

Homer fixed his eagle eyes on the boy and I saw a quiver of his lips as he faltered out:

"Yes, sir."

"Did you know either of the parties at that date?"

"No, sir."

"Would you recollect either of their faces if you saw them again?"

"I—I think I would."

"What was your position in the room at the time that shot was fired?"

"I had just set four glasses of beer upon the table, and started to leave the room; I was at opposite the strange gentleman, who sat opposite Greer."

"Has anybody told you what you should say in this examination?"

The boy winced, and of course the opposing counsel objected to the question, but by dint of hard argument and a covert threat to the judge, who I saw was inclined to rule against me, I gained my point and forced the witness to answer.

A feeble "Yes, sir," rewarded me, and redoubling my severe manner, I demanded of the witness:

"Has any money been paid you to swear to certain facts in this case?"

This caused more confusion than ever, and aroused my legal antagonists, but with Janson's aid I again carried my point.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, slowly. "I was paid one hundred dollars."

"Of whom did you receive this money?"

This question also raised a furor of excitement, and the judge, seemingly in some confusion, ruled the question out. In vain we argued our perfect right to show who had bribed the witness; the judge grew more severe, and even threatening. With the court against us we could do nothing but file our exceptions to its rulings, which we did.

Poor Sneed, the witness, looked the picture of abject terror.

The keeper of the saloon, his master, stood near him, and I saw that his glance at the witness was what produced the confusion.

"Now, Jack Sneed," I asked, resolved to make the most of my opportunity, "did the prisoner, William Smith, shoot Joseph Greer?"

"No, sir!" he answered, in a faint voice.

"Enough!" I cried. "We will now proceed with the testimony for the defense. Let John Homer be sworn."

Homes was accordingly placed on the witness-stand.

"What is your occupation?" I demanded.

"I am a member of the detective police."

"What attention have you given to this case, in your capacity as a detective?"

"I have been engaged on this case since the time of the shooting of Joseph Greer."

We were obliged to wrangle and dispute with the opposing counsel on almost every question, but managed to get sufficient of Homer's evidence to the jury to show that Jack Sneed had been paid one hundred dollars by his employer, at the instance of a third party, to swear that William Smith had fired the fatal shot.

"Mr. Homer, do you know who fired the shot that killed Joseph Greer?"

"I do!" firmly answered Homer.

"Tell the jury your means of so knowing."

"On the evening after this occurrence, I went to the saloon in question, disguised, for the purpose of learning what I could of the affair. While I was there, a gentleman entered and proceeded to a back room, followed by the proprietor of the place and the boy, Jack Sneed. Unobserved, I quietly slipped into a closet back of the counter, where I could hear what was said by the parties in the back room, and I could also see through a crack in the board partition. I saw the strange gentleman take two fifty-dollar bank-bills out of his pocket-book and hand them to the saloon-keeper, and I saw the saloon-keeper hand the same bills to him, his handkerchief, and looked the complete picture of grief.

Mr. Jones was so "struck all of a heap," to use his own expression, by the terrible infidelity that he didn't stop to reason over the matter. He never once thought that "Dear Edward" couldn't by any possibility have received this letter, since it hadn't been sent. He only realized that his wife was going to run away, and that she was going to meet her lover at ten o'clock.

"I'll be there, my lady," said Mr. Jones, significantly, putting on his overcoat, preparatory to setting out in search of the proper officers.

"I'll be there, and I'll give your 'Dear Edward' something he didn't bargain for. I'll 'Dear Edward' him."

About nine o'clock Mr. Jones and a couple of officers came up the road stealthily, and secreted themselves behind a clump of bushes near the place where the two mainroads crossed each other.

"Now you mind what I say," said Mr. Jones, "I'll go for him, and you keep out of the way, till I'm done with him. I'll make him wish he'd never thought of such a thing as making

"It's false!" hoarsely cried the judge. "Mr. Sheriff, I order you to immediately arrest John Homer for contempt of court!"

"Hold! Mr. Sheriff," said Homer, calmly. "I am aware that I can not arrest a judge on the bench, but there is the murderer of Joseph Greer, as I know by the confession of his own lips!"

Judge Crandall, at this, sprung to his feet, and hurriedly thrust his hand into his bosom, as if to draw a weapon. His eyes glowed with a baleful light, and all trace of color fled from his face. But a glance from the piercing eye of the detective quelled his sudden rage, and he sank back into his seat.

Confusion reigned supreme in the room, and cries of anger and astonishment were heard on every side.

With great difficulty the sheriff succeeded in clearing the court-room, and in the confusion, witnesses, jurors and prisoner left the room, and on looking for the judge, he, too, had vanished.

Judge Crandall escaped the just penalty of his crime by flight, thus virtually confessing it, and a few years afterward I learned that he ended his life in the gold-mines, shot while engaged in a game of cards with a ruffianly crew!

"It's close, by now," whispered one of the men.

"I see him, curse him," muttered Mr. Jones. "Now you lay low, and mind what I say. Don't come till I tell you to. I dare say I shall half-kill him, but you keep off, and let me be. I'll take the consequences, if I do kill him completely. Great Jehosophat! I just yearn to get my hands on the wretch."

"He's close, by now," whispered one of the men.

"I see him," answered Mr. Jones, in an awful solemn whisper. "Here, hold my hat. I'm going for him, and may the Lord have mercy upon his soul!"

Accordingly, Mr. Jones "went for him."

He made a rush at the tall, black figure coming leisurely up the road. He gave it a punch in the stomach with one fist, and another in the ribs with his other fist, snorting like a wild bull. He was too excited to talk intelligibly, at first. The unsuspecting recipient of such an extraordinary greeting seemed half-inclined to run at first, but on second thought, seemed to think better of it, and turned upon his assailant.

"Take that, and that, and that," cried Mr. Jones, who had got so he could utter words a trifle more coherently by this time, dealing blows right and left. "Run away with my wife, all you! You old villain, I'll learn you to sweep round the Jones family trying to break it up. Take that—and that! and—oh, great Jehosophat!"

Mr. Jones' tune suddenly changed; the victim of a husband's righteous wrath had brought his cane to bear upon his foe and was doing good work with it.

"Smith—Dobson! help, help!" shrieked Mr. Jones, as the cane fell upon his head and shoulders in unmerciful blows. "Murder! help!"